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The Nation.
March 8, 1980 $1

EDITORIAL

INDECENT HASTE

The U.S. Supreme Court has disgraced itself in a rush to punish Frank Snepp, author of an unauthorized book on the Central Intelligence Agency. It deprived him of his First Amendment rights and his earnings without even considering oral or written arguments in his behalf and, in doing so, seriously curtailed the American people's ability to learn what their Government is doing and to control its abuses.

What inspired the Court's headlong vindictiveness? We suspect that the Justices who made up the majority were caught up in the current national mania for "revitalizing" and "unleashing" the C.I.A. That makes it all the more urgent to defeat the Carter-Moynihan campaign to relieve the C.I.A. of the small measure of accountability imposed on it. No longer can we expect First Amendment protection for those who provide unauthorized accounts of the Agency's activities—like Snepp's book, *Decent Interval*—that replace the authorized reports we should get, but do not.

Perhaps another factor in the Court's unprincipled action was the recent disclosure of some of its own secrets in Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong's *The Brethren*. That would explain the language in the decision permitting any governmental agency to punish employees and former employees who leak information of any sort to the press—like the former clerks who talked to Woodward and Armstrong.

If that is true, it was Frank Snepp's misfortune—and ours—that his case reached the Supreme Court when the Justices were driven by such passions. As Anthony Lewis wrote in *The New York Times*, in the Snepp case the Court showed "contempt for the rule of law." The only recourse now for those dismayed by the decision is to let the Justices know that in the process the Court has earned contempt for itself.

ON BEING SUED

DEATHWATCH IN BELGRADE
Sari Gilbert

NUCLEAR COMEBACK
Mark Hertsgaard

PORTUGAL MOVES RIGHT
Stephen Talbot

EL SALVADOR ON THE BRINK
Cynthia Arnson
Barbara Koeppel

MURIEL RUKEYSER
Ted Solotaroff

THE BROWN DOCTRINE

HAVE R.D.F., WILL TRAVEL

MICHAEL T. KLARE

In his State of the Union Message of January 23, President Carter vowed to forge a "cooperative security framework" with Middle Eastern nations to resist Soviet aggression in the region. The President's proposal, quickly dubbed the "Carter Doctrine," has dominated public and Congressional discussion of military affairs for the past few weeks. Surprisingly, however, Secretary of Defense Harold Brown warns of an entirely different peril in the fiscal 1981 military "posture statement" released on January 28. The greatest danger to American security, Brown says, is not the all-consuming threat of Soviet expansionism but the proliferation of uncontrolled "turbulence" in the Third World. "The number of unresolved international disputes increases," he said, "and old ones continue to fester." And because such turbulence threatens vital American interests—especially oil—we must be prepared to use force in defense of these resources. "In a world of disputes and violence, we cannot afford to go abroad unarmed."

This largely unheralded "Brown Doctrine" is significant both in its divergence from White House statements and also in its extreme pessimism on the world situation. Whereas President Carter and national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski have focused almost exclusively on the threat of a Soviet military push into the Middle East, Brown sees upheavals emerging everywhere—and mostly from causes other than Soviet adventurism. "Turbulence, the threat of violence and the use of force remain widespread." These disorders "have many and varied causes," among which is our failure "to provide for the basic needs of people and narrow the explosive disparity between wealth

(Continued on Page 263)

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LETTERS.

FARM WORKERS' COMPLIMENTS

Keene, Calif.

On behalf of all of us in the farm workers' movement, we want to compliment *The Nation* and writer Richard Steven Street ["The Lettuce Strike Story," Jan. 19] for a thorough and incisive analysis of our current struggle with California-Arizona lettuce growers. Mr. Street's article appeared just as we observed the first anniversary of this bitter and bloody dispute. The struggle continues, but some progress has been made.

In January 1979, farm workers were attempting to renegotiate new contracts or bargain for first agreements with about thirty-four vegetable growers—the bulk of the industry. Since August of last year, twenty-two of them have signed with the United Farm Workers. Twelve remain unsigned and eight of those companies remain on strike.

As Street notes, the leader of the pack of antiunion growers is the giant Bruce Church Inc., the nation's third largest lettuce producer and one of the most reactionary, anti-farm-worker firms in West Coast agriculture. (Church is also leading the legislative fight in Sacramento to cripple Gov. Jerry Brown's landmark farm labor law.)

Last January 19, one year to the day that farm workers first walked off their jobs in Southern California's Imperial Valley, the U.F.W. announced it was escalating the international boycott of "Red Coach" lettuce, produced by Church, by asking consumers across the country to boycott Lucky supermarkets and all its subsidiary retail outlets, including Gemco and Memco stores.

The Red Coach boycott is key to a successful resolution of the strike that would free the union to finish its work in California and take the cause to farm workers in other states.

It is good to know *The Nation* continues in the farm labor tradition of Carey McWilliams. *Cesar E. Chavez*

HALLIDAY CHALLENGED

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Andrei D. Sakharov, noted Soviet scientist, has sought to alert peoples of the world to the growing menace of Soviet hegemonism and was one of the first to urge, after the invasion of Afghanistan, a boycott of the Olympics in Moscow. I do not think he would agree with the complacent views taken by Fred Halliday's article ["Wrong Moves on Afghanistan," *The Nation*, Jan. 26], which dismisses U.S. concern as an "overreaction."

According to Mr. Halliday in the *New Left Review*, "It was the internal situation in Afghanistan itself that dictated the Russian intervention." If the Russians had not sent in their planes, tanks and troops, he tells us, "a triumphant horde [*sic*!] of Moslem insurgents . . . would, in all likelihood, have fallen to fighting one another for years to come." Obviously, the right of self-determination does not, in the author's view, extend to Moslems.

Mr. Halliday assures us that Russia's occupation will be brief, only long enough, he says, "to hand over internal security to this new army." One must ask how Mr. Halliday qualifies to speak for the Kremlin bosses. To be sure, the Russian leaders themselves said that their occupation of Czechoslovakia in 1968 would be brief, but their troops are still there. Again in Angola, we were given assurances that the Soviet-Cuban military presence would be temporary, but there, too, it continues.

While innocently uncritical of Soviet aggression in Afghanistan, Mr. Halliday is very generous in distributing blame for what has taken place on the United States and even brings China into his cast of villains. Says our author: "Russia does not have a detailed 'grand strategy,' and insofar as it has a single overarching policy, it is what it has been since 1920; namely to support revolutionary governments where it can."

Come now, Mr. Halliday, how do you know the Soviet leaders have no "grand strategy"? Are you privy to the secret meetings Brezhnev holds with his Central Committee and high command? Is it just a coincidence that their military thrusts threaten the vital oil lines in the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf? In his State of the Union Address on January 23, President Carter pointed out that by intervening in Afghanistan the Soviet Union has brought its "military forces to within 300 miles of the Indian Ocean and close to the Strait of Hormuz—a waterway through which most of the world's oil must flow." The President went on to add: "The Soviet Union is now attempting to consolidate a strategic position, therefore, that poses a grave threat to the free movement of Middle East oil."

Charles J. Coe

The Nation welcomes letters but space limitations often prevent publication of those of more than 250 words.

AND RESPONDS

London

Mr. Coe is quite right. I am not privy to the secret deliberations of the Soviet leadership. But then neither is President Carter. We all have to judge Soviet policy and future intentions by their record. The evidence I adduce, in my *Nation* articles of January 26 and November 17 of last year ["Afghanistan—A Revolution Consumes Itself"], indicates a clear conclusion: that Soviet policy in Afghanistan was dictated by the desire to consolidate an already existing pro-Soviet regime in that country, not by a regional expansionist thrust. In strategic terms, given their common border with Iran, they were already in a position to attack the Gulf without having to take Afghanistan; but such an offensive would occur only in a situation of global war. In the meantime, their political position in the Gulf—especially in Iran and Iraq—has been weakened by the Afghan intervention.

The blame for the Afghan crisis must, as I have repeatedly said, be laid partly at the Russians' door. But responsibility must also be shared by the conservative forces inside Afghanistan who resist all social reforms, by the authoritarian leadership of the People's Democratic Party of Afghanistan and by those who have armed and encouraged the Afghan rebels—Pakistan, China, Egypt, Saudi Arabia and, to a lesser extent, the United States. Above all, however, the current crisis in international relations must be blamed on those who were preparing a new cold war long before the Afghan intervention and who are using it as a pretext to launch their offensive. Had Mr. Coe chosen to distribute his opprobrium among all those responsible for the present tension instead of repeating fashionable Washington platitudes about Soviet policy, then his criticism would have carried rather more conviction.

Fred Halliday

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CONTENTS.

Volume 230, No. 9

COVER
Editorial: Indecent Haste
The Brown Doctrine:
Have R.D.F., Will Travel — *Michael T. Klare*

LETTERS
258

EDITORIALS
259 On Being Sued — *Victor Navasky*
260 George Bush Slipped Here
261 Instant Relay
262 After the Crisis — *Samuel D. Kassow*

ARTICLES
267 After the Old Man, the New Men:
Deathwatch in Belgrade — *Sari Gilbert*
269 Nuclear's Comeback:
There's Life After T.M.I. — *Mark Hertsgaard*
272 Portugal Moves Right:
What Happened to the
Captains of April? — *Stephen Talbot*
274 El Salvador on the Brink:
Washington Talks Intervention — *Cynthia Arnson*
Face-Off in San Salvador — *Barbara Koeppel*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
277 Rukeyser: Poet of Plenitude — *Ted Solotaroff*
278 Maurer: Not Working — *Paul Cowan*
280 Tawil: My Home, My Prison — *Christopher Hitchens*
281 Payne: Deep Cover — *Frank Donner*
283 Films — *Robert Hatch*
284 Theater — *Harold Clurman*
284 The Owl (poem) — *Sue Owen*

Drawings by Marshall Arisman

Editor, Victor Navasky

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EDITORIALS.

On Being Sued

The other day Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest* apparently sued *The Nation* for copyright infringement. I say "apparently" because we have yet to be served the complaint. We found out about it in the "Personalities" column of the style section of *The Washington Post.* This did not surprise us because last spring, when Harper & Row *threatened* us with this lawsuit, we were first told about it by Herbert Mitgang, publishing correspondent of *The New York Times,* who called to ask us for comment on Harper & Row's threatening telegram, which we didn't actually receive until a couple of days later.

What did *The Nation* do to deserve this notoriety? We were leaked an advance copy of former President Gerald Ford's memoirs, *A Time to Heal,* and on April 7, 1979, we published a 2,400-word story ("Behind the Nixon Pardon") which focused on what he had to say in defense of his highly dubious pre-pardon negotiations with Gen. Alexander Haig, White House Chief of Staff. In his memoirs, Ford revealed for the first time that while he was still Vice President, Haig told him that one way to get Nixon to resign was to promise to pardon him and that White House lawyers had established the legality of pardoning President Nixon before he was indicted. Ford also included the statement he read Haig over the phone the next day regarding their suspicious conversation.

The Nation's story received some modest publicity, almost as much as Harper & Row generated in its calls to the press about its prospective lawsuit. One result, the complaint alleges (we at last obtained a copy by sending down to the Federal courthouse for it), is that *Time* magazine declined to pay the final $12,500 it had promised for first serial rights.

It is never pleasant to be sued, and at a time when the First Amendment is under attack (see our front-page editorial) it is especially saddening to see publishers engage in activities that betray an insensitivity to its spirit and re-

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quirements; but if the suit against *The Nation* helps focus attention on the scandalous spectacle surrounding the subsidiary rights to the highest office in the land, then perhaps it will have served a redeeming social purpose.

For the record, we should quickly note why we regard the claims of copyright infringement as insubstantial. There is a natural tension between the copyright act, which protects property, and the First Amendment, which protects speech. But in the case of our story on the Ford memoirs, we quoted no more words from the book than might be included in an average front-page essay in *The New York Times Book Review*, i.e., we made "fair use" of it under the letter and spirit of the copyright law. What really seems to have upset Ford et al. (and especially his ghostwriter, who accused us of a "rip-off") was that we scooped the former President on what his lawyers call "hot news," which is precisely the sort of enterprise one would have thought freedom of the press was meant to safeguard. In Ford's case, moreover, the hot news consisted of documents, conversations and transcripts concerning public business written or spoken by public servants on the public payroll on public time, a cool five years earlier. The fact is that the information about Ford's dealings with Haig ought to have been made public at the time they took place, and not merely when Ford got around to writing his memoirs. Whenever we or any other journalists found out about this meeting and some of the other events Ford describes (distorts?) was the time to publish it. In other words, the memoirs are an attempt to copyright the uncopyrightable.

Beyond that, however, we believe that the inflated value of books which results from former public officials' access to secret documents is a corruption of the publishing process, harmful to bona fide authors (including *some* alumni of public service) who operate at a disadvantage in such competition, and an affront to the public's right to know. For the selective release of the past can only result in its distortion, especially when the controller of history's spigot is trying to cleanse his own reputation.

As it happens, the principal beneficiary—financially, politically and in historical prestige—of prepublication silence, the one who would preserve and exploit it, is the one who may have violated the public trust in the first place. It seems a disservice to the public, the polity, the community of letters and the Presidency itself to suggest that commentary on a matter so significant as a possible deal involving the pardon of one President by another should be inhibited in any way by commercial considerations.

VICTOR NAVASKY

COMING UP

Manning Marable on blacks and the Olympic boycott
Fred Halliday on the U.S.'s North Yemen gaffe
Walter LaFeber on the born-again New Frontier
Mark Reutter on the workmen's comp scandal
Mark Green on corporate good guys

George Bush Slipped Here

In New Hampshire's theater of the absurd, also known as the nation's first Presidential primary election, the tickets cost $8 apiece. The voters, of course, didn't shell out that sum; it was the performers who jointly spent that much per vote to fill the house. Was it worth it? That question is asked every four years but the show goes on and on.

The spirit of this politico-media extravaganza was well stated by the rock singer Linda Ronstadt, through her bubble gum in the back of a Jerry Brown limousine, according to *The Washington Post*. Said she: "Apathy is getting real boring." Well, there was no more than the usual amount of apathy up there in those untypical woods. The turnout was respectable and the over-polled-harangued-solicited-cozened and lied-to electorate collectively gave some vague colorations to the litmus papers of both parties.

President Carter did about as well as expected and Edward Kennedy about as badly. The Senator found his voice too late, having learned that there are in fact issues people care about and that a bellowed proclamation of "leadership" is just not enough. Losing in what the media have taught us to call his "back yard," he now moves to his front yard. In his own Massachusetts he can hardly do so spectacularly well as to erase what happened out back. He himself said in his postelection statement that he was looking down the road to the big industrial states with their mounting social problems and shrinking budgets.

But for Kennedy's candidacy to have an impact, he will have to articulate a real alternative to the increasingly mean and militaristic policies of the incumbent. His fuzzy start in this campaign makes that a difficult task. It is not impossible if he really bears down on the record of a President who started with a 4.8 percent inflation rate that has almost quadrupled in three years while the standard of living of the average American (especially at the lower end of the scale) has steadily shrunk. If Kennedy should quit the race, or fail to make his stand on the ground of radical revision of national priorities, his long-standing claim on the Presidency must be considered to have run out.

Turning to the Republicans for relief that is mostly comic, it should be noted that Ronald Reagan, now restored as front-runner, fired his too "moderate" top man, John Sears, on the eve of the proof that no change was necessary. He did just fine in New Hampshire with the old line which, despite its vacuousness, is about as "hard-line" as possible in 1980. (But perhaps we underestimate the new militancy—he could always declare war on, say, Cuba.)

Speaking of hollow men, as we were, where can George Bush, the ex-front-jogger, the self-proclaimed candidate with "fantastic credentials," go from here? Will he jog toward the center a bit now that Reagan has shuffled rightward? The truth is that the positions of Bush and Reagan

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are almost indistinguishable; the only differences are in their postures. (See Bush's colloquy with Robert Scheer in *The Los Angeles Times*, excerpted below.)

As for the rest of the pack in both agglomerations called parties, Jerry Brown hangs in there gazing into space and thinking of 1984, John Connally heads back to the ranch with his corporate backers $11 million poorer, Robert Dole and Philip Crane can forget White House fantasies and focus on their re-elections, Howard Baker is fading, and the decencies and good sense of John Anderson are there to remind us that there was once another kind of Republican.

Right now one would have to bet on Carter, an expert campaigner. That is different from "expert politician," of course, as his failures with Congress clearly prove, to the detriment of us all. And all the signs indicate that the next Congress will be substantially more rightist than the present one, with a Republican majority in the Senate a real possibility. Carter will bear a good share of the responsibility for that result, having failed to offer his party a believable alternative to the rightward drift.

The present political prospect is most unpleasing to contemplate. We have a President taking calculated advantage of the international "crises" he sees everywhere and deals with clumsily. It is hard to imagine that the midstream will be calm enough soon enough to encourage the idea of changing horses. The social fabric of this society unravels at a quicker rate while we're told that we can't afford much more than rearming. To all this there is so far in this election year no real challenge. That is the dismal lesson of New Hampshire.

BURNING BUSH

Or How to Be a Winner in a Nuclear Exchange and Other Straight Talk from George Bush

Scheer: How do you win in a nuclear exchange?

Bush: You have a survivability of command in control, survivability of industrial potential, protection of a percentage of your citizens, and you have a capability that inflicts more damage on the opposition than it can inflict upon you. That's the way you can have a winner, and the Soviets' planning is based on the ugly concept of a winner in a nuclear exchange.

Scheer: Do you mean like 5 percent would survive? Two percent?

Bush: More than that—if everybody fired everything he had, you'd have more than that survive.

* * *

Scheer: Could you summarize your differences with Carter on foreign policy?

Bush: . . . I think if we let our human rights policy appear to override everything, including our strategic interests, that the policy is wrong. Our application has often been selective, hypocritically so, in my view: Slap around Argentina and Brazil and move closer to Castro. I remember Mrs. Carter going down and meeting with the dissidents in Brazil. What would we have thought if Brazil's president's wife had come up and met with the person who bombed the laboratory in Madison, Wisconsin? I don't think we'd like that.

Scheer: Do you feel it is comparable?

Bush: One has violated the laws of the country and so have some of the others—I don't believe that you can go out there and take the law into your own hands as guerrillas in Brazil and Argentina . . . do they overreact? Yes, but I just wouldn't use that style of diplomacy.

Scheer: I don't understand—you don't believe it's ever . . .

Bush: Print it the way I've said it and you'll understand it, read it.

Instant Relay

Herewith our handy, all-purpose, multiple-choice Presidential Primary Thumbsucker and Election Analysis, designed for lazy pundits and jaded journalists. Simply watch the late-night primary results on television, then circle appropriate words and fill in blanks; file and forget.

Here in (name of state), where folks are mainly preoccupied with (the high cost of living/escalating fuel prices/the economy/Afghanistan and the hostages/the U.S. hockey team), the people have spoken (loud and clear/hesitantly). Yesterday's winners are, to be sure, quickly claiming that they have the coveted "Mo"—or momentum.

On the Republican side, the stunning (victory/defeat) of (George Bush/Ronald Reagan) will surely (accelerate/stall) the momentum he gained in (Iowa/New Hampshire/the press). (Name)'s previous successes owed much to his ability to appeal to the (conservative/liberal/moderate/undecided) wing of the G.O.P., but this strategy (cost/gained) him the (liberal/conservative/moderate/undecided) votes he desperately needed to prevail. (Name)'s (heartening/disheartening) vote total proved that he (has/has not) overcome the (age/front-runner/voter disdain) handicap, and is at last on his way (out).

President Carter's showing in the popular vote totals was (more than/less than/more or less what) the polls had predicted. The ongoing question of how long he can continue to stay in the rose garden (was/was not) answered in (name of state), and we can expect to see (more of him on the hustings/more White House press conferences). Senator Edward Kennedy's (weak/improved) second-place finish suggests that (Chappaquiddick is still uppermost in voters' minds/the economic issues are beginning to cut). Despite Gov. Jerry Brown's strong appeal to (nuclear power opponents/anti-government-spenders/students worried about the draft/flakes), it is obvious that he peaked too soon—1976, to be precise.

Representative John Anderson continues to be the liberal Democrats' dream Republican, but it is still too early to assess whether his dark-horse candidacy is going (anywhere/nowhere). Senator Howard Baker demonstrated that the harder he tries, the more he remains number three. (John Connally/Philip Crane/Robert Dole/other) must conclude that his chance of winning is (slight/nonexistent/dependent upon a cataclysm wiping out all the other

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candidates/tied to a successful Southern strategy). Perhaps the most sensible comment on the (name of state) primary results was made by Representative Morris Udall, who ran the grueling gantlet himself in 1976: "What's all this talk about so-and-so's got Mo? I haven't endorsed anybody yet."

After the Crisis

The United States is rushing into the Second Cold War without having learned the chief lesson of the first: containment and massive military superiority are not the automatic answer to Soviet expansionism. As long as running against the Russians pays handsome political dividends, tough talk will obscure the urgent need to take a clear look at the limits and possibilities of American policy toward the Soviet Union. Our nuclear monopoly did not spare us Stalin's takeover of Czechoslovakia, the squalid national debate about "who lost China" or the Korean War. The hawks condemn SALT I for having allowed the Russians to attain "strategic superiority." But our undisputed strategic superiority could not prevent the Berlin crisis or Cuba.

Although the grain embargo will hurt the Russians, Carter's action will do nothing to further America's long-term interest in inducing Moscow to follow a more moderate policy both at home and abroad. Just the opposite. The embargo decision strengthens the hand of those Soviet leaders who always opposed more trade with the West and vindicates neo-Stalinist distrust of economic interdependence. If trade and arms control agreements did not give the United States as much leverage over the Soviet Union as many Senators would have liked, Carter's post-Afghanistan announcements remove what little bargaining power we had.

To use Afghanistan as the excuse for "getting tough with the Russians" is as absurd as it is dangerous. If anything, the Soviet invasion shows the futility of deterring the Russians with military buildups or misguided attempts to link passage of the SALT II treaty to Moscow's good behavior. After all, the Russians invaded *after* the MX announcement and the decision to modernize American missiles in Europe. Like the farm boy who bought the big ring only to lose the girl anyway, Carter paid the full asking price for SALT II votes. Senator Sam Nunn got his hikes in defense spending while Senator Frank Church played lead in last fall's "Charade of the Red Brigade." But the votes weren't there and the Russians knew it. By the end of November, the Kremlin concluded it had little to lose by invading Afghanistan.

The contemptible attack, far from being a Soviet strategic coup, underscored the bankruptcy of Moscow's Afghan policy. But the invasion—which is turning out to be a giant miscalculation on the part of the Russians—also highlights the present insecurity and instability of the Soviet leadership, which is worried about letting a Moslem insurgency destroy Soviet influence at a time when the Soviet Union faces multiple domestic and foreign problems. If Moscow was really after the oilfields, then it chose a strange way to get there, alienating the Moslem world, shoring up the decrepit Zia ul-Haq regime in Pakistan and diverting Iran's attention closer to home. Furthermore, Soviet interdiction of the oil routes would mean war, whether the closest Russian planes were 300 or 1,000 miles from the Strait of Hormuz. And the best solution to the Soviet energy problem is to use détente to attract Western venture capital to Siberia, not invading the Middle East.

The Russians might have been less worried about losing face in Afghanistan if they faced fewer troubles elsewhere. But this winter Leonid Brezhnev had little reason to be happy with his balance sheet. Last November he delivered a hard-hitting speech admitting that the Five Year Plan was in trouble. The harvest was awful, while looming energy shortages flashed trouble ahead, especially if the Russians had to curtail oil shipments to restive Eastern Europe. And compared to Chinese-American détente, Anwar el-Sadat's tilt to the West and Iraq's growing coolness to Moscow, the provisional gains in Ethiopia and Angola were small change. Furthermore, Brezhnev had staked much of his prestige on SALT and on delivering the benefits of Western technology to the hard-pressed Soviet economy. But SALT was in trouble and East-West trade, while important, was making a disappointing contribution to the overall Soviet growth rate. And Moscow had few long-term gains to show for the billions in military and economic aid it had poured into the Third World since the mid-1950s.

If Brezhnev personally was not in trouble, his policies were. One reason he has lasted so long is that he avoided Nikita Khrushchev's mistake of alienating two powerful constituencies—the provincial party bureaucracy and the military-industrial complex—while maintaining a high economic growth rate. As long as the military got enough guns and strategic parity with the United States, and as long as the party bureaucracy did not have to worry about losing power to economic reforms, Brezhnev managed to mobilize support for détente and the campaign to raise Soviet living standards. Under Stalin, the regime exported grain while millions starved. Brezhnev committed precious foreign currency reserves to back up his promise of a better diet for the straitened Soviet consumer. And, as Soviet expert Alexander Yanov points out, the Brezhnev era saw the development of a sizable but diffuse pro-détente constituency in the Soviet Union—officials, scientists and athletes who get the precious material perks of foreign travel as well as industrial managers who directly benefit from economic relations and technology transfer.

But neither the powerful military establishment nor the party bureaucracy has a vested interest in détente or in goulash Communism. The military economy is self-contained while the party apparatus, especially at the provincial level, has little reason to welcome increased contact with the West. On the contrary, a repressive, isolated war

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economy suits them far more than the uncertainties of unjammed Western broadcasts and escalating consumerism. The war economy works, not only because it produces copious quantities of tanks and missiles but also because it protects the privileges of the generals, managers of defense industries and many key party officials. More emphasis on consumer needs would create growing pressures for economic reforms, which would jeopardize the key role that the party bureaucracy currently plays in the centralized economy.

As the Soviet Union heads into the transition era, the major problem facing the Politburo is how to get the economy moving again. A falling growth rate is forcing the Soviet leadership to decide between guns and butter. As things stand now, the Politburo will opt for guns. But making the Soviet consumer take the brunt of a new arms race can work only if the party makes a sharp turn to the right, imposing a rigid neo-Stalinist discipline and compulsory labor mobilization, and embarking on an adventuresome foreign policy to cover up the failure to deliver on twenty years of promises. A Russian nationalist crusade, complete with anti-Semitic innuendo, may complete the gloomy scenario. The Russian people will grumble. But they will tighten their belts, especially if their Government gives them a good nationalistic reason for doing so. Indeed, Carter's grain embargo will help the Politburo rally support for the regime and its policies. Using food as a pressure point will generate a strong backlash of Russian (if not Soviet) patriotism.

What now? Scrapping SALT II and curbing trade will jeopardize a fundamental U.S. interest during the upcoming transition period: encouraging a relatively pragmatic Soviet leadership committed to raising living standards and looking to economic interdependence as a major policy option. On the other hand, the United States should proceed with the Olympic boycott, especially because sports *are* politics in the Soviet Union, and the boycott would be the best way of penalizing the Russians for their invasion without disturbing the economic relationships and arms limitation talks, which are of vital importance.

The crucial challenge facing the United States is learning how to live with another superpower beset by a complex mix of pride, defensiveness, power and insecurity. America must define its vital interests, defend them, give the Russians incentives for cooperation and finally remember that the ultimate measure of its real national security is how it solves its problems at home.

SAMUEL D. KASSOW

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ARTICLES.

R.D.F.

(Continued From Front Cover)

and hunger." The Soviet Union, by attempting to exploit these divisions, has increased global instability. "But the Soviet Union is only a part of the problem," he observed. Equally important are "differences about the proper world distribution of income and natural resources."

Brown's identification of "international turbulence" as an autonomous threat to U.S. security and his appreciation of the structural causes of such instability constitute a radical departure in current U.S. military thinking. Whereas all recent Pentagon annual reports have concentrated on the "Soviet threat" and on efforts to rectify the East-West balance in Europe, Brown devotes much of his attention to the threats posed by Third World violence. "International economic disorder," he affirms, "could almost equal in severity the military threat from the Soviet Union." The Brown Doctrine thus heralds a new era of American military involvement in the Third World.

At the core of this new outlook is a profound appreciation of America's growing dependence on foreign markets and sources of raw materials. "The particular manner in which our economy has expanded," Brown explained, "means that we have come to depend to no small degree on imports, exports and the earnings from overseas investments for our material well-being." Of such dependencies, none is greater than that on Middle Eastern oil supplies. "A large-scale disruption in the supply of foreign oil could have as damaging consequences for the United States as the loss of an important military campaign, or indeed a war." Unfortunately, many of the areas of greatest importance to U.S. economic welfare are also the areas of greatest turbulence. "Nowhere is this more the case than in the Middle East," he warned, where growing "war, terrorism and subversion" threaten "temporary disruptions or a more permanent decline in the supply of oil."

Because such disruptions could have a catastrophic impact on the U.S. economy, America must, in Brown's view, take immediate and substantial steps to protect itself against global turbulence. Such steps should include economic and political support for countries facing internal disorder, but must also include military measures. First and foremost of the initiatives proposed by Secretary Brown for control of foreign disorders is the formation of the Rapid Deployment Force (R.D.F.). Originally announced by President Carter in August 1977, the force has evolved into a general cure-all for the menaces facing America abroad. As now envisioned, R.D.F. units will remain on constant alert at bases in the United States and will be whisked to distant trouble spots at the very outset of a crisis.

For students of U.S. foreign policy, much of this—including the proposed solution—will appear vaguely familiar. In the late 1950s, critics of the Eisenhower Administration's "Massive Retaliation" defense posture argued that

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nuclear war did not constitute a credible deterrent to anything other than an all-out Soviet assault on the United States. In *The Uncertain Trumpet*, Gen. Maxwell Taylor asserted that the many "limited wars which have occurred since 1945—the Chinese civil war, the guerrilla warfare in Greece and Malaya, Vietnam, Taiwan, Hungary, the Middle East, Laos, to mention only a few—are clear evidence that, while our massive retaliatory strategy may have prevented the Great War—a World War III—it has not maintained the Little Peace: that is, peace from disturbances which are little only in comparison with the disaster of general war."

These concerns were pushed very much to the fore when the Rockefeller Brothers Fund commissioned Henry Kissinger, then a professor at Harvard, to prepare a position paper on military policy in the 1960s. In his report, Kissinger argued that "even if we succeed in deterring all-out war by the threat of total annihilation," America will remain in peril because "we cannot expect to counter limited military challenges by the response appropriate to all-out surprise attack." To complement our retaliatory capabilities, therefore, "it is imperative that . . . we develop units that can intervene rapidly and that are able to make their power felt with discrimination and versatility."

The concept of a rapid intervention force for use in countering Third World upheavals was adopted with considerable enthusiasm by the incoming Kennedy Administration. In protecting ourselves against the growing threat of "national liberation movements," then Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara told a Senate committee, America had two choices: "Either we can station numbers of men and quantities of equipment and supplies overseas near all potential trouble spots, or we can maintain a much smaller force in a central reserve in the United States and deploy it rapidly where needed." Given the enormous costs of the former approach, establishment of "a mobile 'fire brigade' reserve, centrally located . . . and ready for quick deployment to any threatened area in the world is, basically, a more economical and flexible use of our military forces."

To provide this "fire brigade" with the necessary global mobility, McNamara and Taylor (then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff) proposed the acquisition of two new vehicles: the giant C-5A transport plane and the Fast Deployment Logistics (F.D.L.) ship. In its initial enthusiasm for the rapid deployment strategy, Congress voted $3 billion for the C-5A (later raised to $6 billion to overcome persistent "cost overruns" encountered by the builder, Lockheed Aircraft). By the time the F.D.L. proposal came up for a vote, however, America was deeply embroiled in Vietnam and many lawmakers had begun to repudiate the policies that had led to our involvement in that conflict. In a report criticizing the F.D.L., the Senate Armed Services Committee stated: "Beyond the cost, the Committee is concerned about the possible creation of an impression that the United States has assumed the function of policing the world." Senator Richard Russell, who was chairman of the committee and normally a reliable supporter of military programs, further charged that by facilitating Pentagon planning for future interventions, the F.D.L. would make such adventures all the more likely. "If it is easy for us to go anywhere and do anything," he told his colleagues in the Senate, "then we will always be going somewhere and doing something."

As America disengaged from Vietnam, opposition to a "go anywhere, do anything" stance was institutionalized in the War Powers Act and other legislative constraints on the President's war-making abroad. The prevailing mood of noninterventionism, characterized by some analysts as the "Vietnam Syndrome," forced Washington to seek alternative mechanisms for protecting critical interests abroad. Under the Nixon Doctrine, favored U.S. allies such as Iran were converted into "surrogate gendarmes" and charged with the responsibility of "maintaining order" in critical Third World areas. And as the local "peacekeeping" function was shifted to other powers, U.S. military leaders resurrected their original cold-war mission—defense of Western Europe against Soviet attack—as the principal rationale for higher military spending.

For most of the 1970s, U.S. war planning concentrated on hypothetical East-West conflicts in Europe, while Third World contingencies were accorded relatively little attention. The new NATO emphasis was widely endorsed in Washington, both because it avoided any hint of interventionism and because it assured bipartisan support for sustained military spending. But just as dissident strategists had questioned the exclusive anti-Soviet orientation of massive retaliation in the 1950s, so some U.S. leaders began to question the similar focus of U.S. war planning in the 1970s. Arguing that U.S. economic survival was more than ever dependent on access to overseas markets and raw materials, these strategists campaigned to reverse the Vietnam Syndrome and to rehabilitate intervention as a legitimate means of coping with renewed "turbulence" in the Third World. (See Klare, "Curing the Vietnam Syndrome," *The Nation*, October 13, 1979.)

Ironically, one of the first military figures to challenge the new orthodoxy was Maxwell Taylor, the leader of the original revolt against massive retaliation. In a prophetic 1974 article in *Foreign Affairs*, Taylor suggested that while an East-West war in Europe has a "low probability rating" (because both sides share such an overwhelming interest in preservation of the status quo), America will increasingly be threatened by "turbulent and disorderly" conditions in the Third World. "As the leading affluent 'have' power," he affirmed, "*we may expect to have to fight for our national valuables against envious 'have-nots.*' " (Emphasis added.) To prepare for such contingencies, Taylor advanced the same doctrine he had pioneered in the 1950s: "In the troubled world which I have postulated . . . we shall need mobile, ready forces to deter or, in some cases, suppress such conflicts before they expand into something greater."

Although anathema to many policy makers in the immediate post-Vietnam era, such thinking gained considerable favor among those strategists who viewed the "North-South" conflict—i.e., the struggle for control of the world's resources between the advanced industrial powers (the

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"North") and the underdeveloped "South"—as the most explosive threat to long-term U.S. security. This outlook was given further articulation in a widely discussed 1977 RAND Corporation report by Guy Pauker, "Military Implications of a Possible World Order Crisis in the 1980s." There is a growing likelihood, Pauker warned, "that mankind is entering a period of increased social instability and faces the possibility of a breakdown of global order as a result of sharpening confrontation between the Third World and the industrial democracies." In such a situation, he continued, "the United States would be expected to use its military force to prevent the total collapse of the world order or, at least, to protect specific interests of American citizens."

Although many U.S. leaders eventually came to share this outlook, support for NATO remained the dominant theme in Carter's first three defense budgets. In the past eighteen months, however, several events have altered the Administration's stance on military policy. The first was the Iranian revolution of 1978-79, which toppled the Shah and thus shattered the Nixon Doctrine's strategy of relying on surrogate gendarmes to pacify the Third World. At the same time, disruptions in the supply of Iranian oil helped create a severe "energy crisis" in the United States and thus demonstrated once again how dependent we had become on imported petroleum. As a result of these two developments, the Administration officially disavowed the Vietnam Syndrome and affirmed that America was now prepared to employ its own forces in defense of Middle East oil supplies. "Protection of the oil flow from the Middle East is clearly part of our vital interest," Secretary Brown announced in February 1979, and "in protection of those vital interests we'll take any action that's appropriate, including the use of military force."

At first, Administration leaders sought to restrict the application of this principle to specific threats against U.S. oil supplies. But continuing unrest in the Middle East and Africa, coupled with increasingly conspicuous Soviet involvement in South Yemen, Afghanistan and Ethiopia, led to growing pressure for a more activist U.S. military posture. In March 1979, *Business Week* published a special issue on "The Decline of American Power" which summarized the belligerent outlook shared by many business and political leaders. "Between the fall of Vietnam and the fall of the Shah," the issue began, "the United States has been buffeted by an unnerving series of shocks that signal an accelerating erosion of power and influence." While citing the growth of Soviet military power as a serious threat, the issue concentrated on the economic perils of continued U.S. reluctance to serve as the world's "policeman." "The military retreat that began with the U.S. defeat in a place [Vietnam] that held no natural resources or markets now threatens to undermine the nation's ability to protect the vital oil supply and the energy base of the global economy." Echoing Taylor's "haves versus have-nots" doctrine, the magazine suggested that we must undertake a "reassertion of U.S. influence around the world" in order to preserve "the way of life built since World War II."

These views were already widely held in Congress and the media when militant Iranian students seized the U.S. Embassy in Teheran last November. With that action, and subsequent scares of a new oil crunch, the strategic focus shifted away from NATO and toward a renewed commitment to curbing turbulence in the Third World. This is not to say that preparation for a war in Europe no longer commands a hefty slice of the defense budget—indeed, NATO-oriented programs probably account for 70 percent or more of total U.S. military spending—but rather that the momentum in both strategic thinking and weapons development reflects the new concern with Third World conflict. For the past three years we have emphasized programs designed to enhance the U.S. "capability to fight in Europe," Brown explained on January 26, while "this year we have concentrated special attention and resources on the improvement of capabilities to get personnel and equipment quickly to potential trouble areas like the Middle East, Persian Gulf and Arabian Sea areas."

Brown's proposed response to these perceived threats is highly reminiscent of the pre-Vietnam era. McNamara's "fire brigade" concept is perfectly matched by Brown's Rapid Deployment Force, which, like the Special Forces before it, will serve as a general-purpose strike force for suppressing unforeseen disturbances abroad. To whisk these forces overseas and provide them with adequate firepower, Brown proposes two initiatives in the fiscal 1981 budget: a new intercontinental transport plane dubbed the C-X and a fleet of arms-laden cargo vessels known as "maritime prepositioning ships" (M.P.S.), which will be stationed near potential trouble spots in the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean and the Arabian Sea. The C-X is, of course, nothing but an updated version of the C-5A, while the M.P.S. are

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facsimiles of McNamara's F.D.L. vessels. Even the deployment scenario remains the same: at the onset of a crisis, the fire brigade will be flown in C-5As (and eventually in the C-X) to friendly airports near the combat zone, where they will pick up their heavy equipment from the F.D.L. (M.P.S.) and then move off to the battlefield. And, as in McNamara's time, getting to the battlefield *quickly* is very important: "Our needs in responding to non-NATO crises," Brown said on December 27, 1979, "center on our ability to move available forces over vast distances quickly enough, either to deter conflict or, if that's not successful, to prevail in conflict."

This emphasis on getting there quickly is one of the most ominous features of the new Brown policy. It derives, of course, from the Vietnam experience: the Pentagon is naturally wary of a long, drawn-out Third World conflict that would provoke widespread domestic opposition. Thus, in future crises, U.S. forces will seek to dominate the battlefield quickly so as—in Taylor's words—"to suppress such conflicts before they expand into something greater." But whatever the impetus for this policy, it obviously suggests a "hair-trigger" stance in which American forces would be sent overseas at the first sign of a crisis. Such a stance would, moreover, be consistent with the Administration's view that the Rapid Deployment Force may be used to "deter" conflict—by physically occupying the battlefield before the battle gets fully underway—as well as to counter aggression by others. This nonnuclear equivalent of what might be called a "first-strike" deployment doctrine was unveiled in a little-noticed address by Brzezinski to the Economic Club of Chicago last December: the R.D.F., he said, "will give us the capability to respond quickly, effectively, *and even pre-emptively* in those parts of the world where our vital interests might be engaged and where there are no permanently stationed American forces." (Emphasis added.)

The danger of a U.S. first strike in some future Third World crisis becomes particularly frightening when we consider the dissimilarities of the present world environment and the world that faced McNamara and Taylor in the early 1960s. First, of course, there is the expansion of Soviet power. While Pentagon rhetoric of the 1960s was no less vehement in its portrayal of the "Soviet threat" than that of the 1980s, the actual military situation was quite different—whereas in 1960 Moscow had almost no capacity to conduct military operations outside of the immediate Soviet bloc, today the U.S.S.R. has a true ocean-going navy and a sizable air-transport capability (as demonstrated by Soviet supply operations in Angola, Ethiopia and South Vietnam). Furthermore, because Soviet territory stretches so deeply into Central Asia, Moscow can move large forces overland to potential conflict zones in the Middle East (as occurred in Afghanistan). And while no one can, at this point, predict Soviet moves in a future African or Mideastern crisis, it is obvious that the likelihood of Soviet military involvement must be factored into any calculations of possible conflict.

Second, the fighting potential of other likely adversaries has been transformed over the past twenty years. Largely through arms purchases from the major industrial powers —especially France, the United States and the U.S.S.R.— many Third World armies are now equipped with the most advanced and versatile arms available anywhere. Between 1973 and 1978, for instance, Middle Eastern countries alone acquired 8,758 tanks and self-propelled guns, 8,624 armored cars, 1,614 supersonic combat planes and 10,917 surface-to-air missiles. Thus, any U.S. forces sent into combat in these areas are likely to encounter far heavier resistance than they would have faced ten or even five years ago. "When you begin looking at the mid-1980s," a top Pentagon official observed recently, "we aren't talking about barbarians with knives." Many Third World armies "have a lot of military equipment," and thus, "we can't stabilize an area just by showing the flag."

Brown is aware of the new realities. "We must recognize," he notes, "the increasing sophistication and firepower capability of land forces, designed on the Soviet model, that might be confronted." To cope with this problem, he proposes that the R.D.F. include both "light" divisions, capable of seizing ports and airfields, and "heavy" divisions, capable of defeating enemy armored units. But even this combination, he admits, may prove inadequate on some future battlefields. High-level Pentagon officials privately admit that the United States might have to use tactical nuclear weapons to prevent the annihilation of American forces sent to stop a Soviet drive into Iran or Pakistan.

It doesn't take much foresight to conclude that the combination of a first-strike deployment strategy plus well-armed opposition forces could prove potentially disastrous. One can easily imagine, for instance, that U.S. forces sent to rescue some Middle East potentate—say, the Sultan of Oman —would come under attack by the Soviet-equipped forces of one of the radical Arab regimes—South Yemen, say, or Iraq—thus triggering U.S. retaliation against that country, which could in turn trigger an oil embargo and possible Soviet involvement. At that point, *anything* would be possible—up to and including World War III.

Nor is there any evidence that deployment of the R.D.F. would mitigate America's energy problem—all existing studies of a hypothetical U.S. move to "seize Arab oil" against opposition suggest that such action would result in cataclysmic damage to Middle East oil installations and probably trigger a world depression.

At this point, formation of the Rapid Deployment Force and adoption of a "haves versus have-nots" posture appear to many as a welcome antidote to America's frustration in dealing with the recent Iranian and Afghan crises. But it is one thing to talk about a quick-strike doctrine, and another to commit U.S. forces to battle. So long as the R.D.F. is confined to military backwaters like Central America or the Caribbean, the greatest danger we would have to face is a nasty guerrilla war and worldwide condemnation like that produced by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, but if such forces are sent to the Middle East or other highly armed regions, we may find ourselves in a quagmire that will make Vietnam look like a mud puddle. □

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AFTER THE OLD MAN, THE NEW MEN

Deathwatch In Belgrade

SARI GILBERT

Belgrade

I arrived in Belgrade on January 20, the day of Marshal Tito's operation. A news blackout was in effect, and overzealous Yugoslav customs police were confiscating all Western newspapers with articles about Tito from arriving airline passengers. Belgrade lay buffeted by cruel, wintry winds and coated with a layer of ice and snow. There were no outward signs of concern except for a greater than usual attention to radio and television news bulletins. The most chaotic place in town was the modern, well-equipped press center on Khesa Mihailov, where foreign journalists, desperate for news, crowded around the teleprinters of Tanjug, the Yugoslav News Agency, or jammed the bar in search of liquid consolation.

The success of Tito's operation was duly reported at 7:00 that evening, and however disappointing the news was to some of the more hard-bitten representatives of the media ("Tito lives, the story dies," more than a few were heard to murmur), the obvious relief and optimism shown by Yugoslav officials more accurately reflected the meaning of the event in a country that has identified its survival with the physical survival of Tito, and which, it was said, always preferred to talk about *if* the Marshal dies rather than *when*. For the average Yugoslav, like the Macedonian waiter who wept openly at the news that the amputation had been successful, the health of their beloved "stari"—the old man—was foremost. His seemingly rapid recovery was widely dramatized by a photograph taken three days after the operation in which a beaming Tito was shown sitting in a chair facing Misha and Varko, his two sons. Many called his survival "miraculous." One of Belgrade's daily papers spoke of the operation as if it were another anti-Nazi battle. "Your victory proves once again that you are indeed a hero," read the headline.

Party leaders and officials, as well as more sophisticated Yugoslavs, however, felt a concern that ran deeper than the popular emotions. For years there has been speculation here about the unknowns of the post-Tito period; over whether this loosely bound multinational, multireligious and multilinguistic federal system of six republics and two autonomous provinces will be able to hold together without the charisma and authority of the old man's personality. Now the moment of truth seemed to be upon them. Moreover, Tito's grave circulatory illness had coincided with the Soviet invasion of a fellow nonaligned country, Afghanistan, reminding Yugoslavia of its own vulnerablity.

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Ever since Tito's break with Stalin in 1948, the Yugoslavs have been told that some day they might be forced to fight to defend their independence—an independence so fiercely cherished that the Constitution makes it illegal for any Yugoslav to sign a national surrender. The concern with defense, which led to the creation of the auxiliary people's territorial defense units to back up the regular army, reflects an underlying belief that the Soviet Union has never totally reconciled itself to the loss of Yugoslavia. Good relations with the Russians are part of the overall Yugoslav strategy of nonalignment, but despite close cultural and economic ties—the Soviet Union is Yugoslavia's major trading partner and supplies it with about a third of its oil—the Yugoslavs are wary. "Once you've been bitten by a serpent, you will always be afraid of worms," as one Yugoslav official described the feeling. Not surprisingly, then, the invasion of Afghanistan sent a chill through many Yugoslavs. Together with Tito's illness, it plunged them into a state of nerves "greater than at any time since the Second World War," as a former official put it.

No one, of course, expected an immediate military move by the Russians. "Yugoslavia is not Afghanistan," insisted a Western European diplomat, who pointed out that although there is no clear-cut Western commitment to defend Yugoslavia, the Soviet Union should realize that any move

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on its part to isolate NATO's southern flank would bring about a dangerous confrontation between the Warsaw Pact and the Atlantic Alliance. "In a way, this couldn't have happened at a better time," said a Yugoslav journalist, convinced like many observers here that heightened world tensions would make the West more attentive to future Yugoslav developments. Nevertheless, there was a greater sense of potential danger. Should the governmental system carefully constructed by Tito one day collapse, the Soviet Union might try through direct or indirect intervention to eliminate the anomaly of a liberal, prosperous, unorthodox brand of Communism on the Eastern bloc's borders.

The reason for the mood of optimism visible among Government officials a few days after the operation was that they realized they had successfully run through a dress rehearsal for the post-Tito years. "We have never been so united," Aleksandar Grlichkov, a high-level member of the party, told a group of reporters. The general feeling was that the machinery established by Tito for ruling the country now and after his death was in fine working order. "We are already in the post-Tito period," Grlichkov said proudly.

A major worry associated with Tito's death has been whether his complex system of regional balance and decentralization would survive him. In his forty years in power, Tito never designated a political heir. Party theoretician Edward Kardelj, who was widely believed to be a possible successor, died a year ago at the age of 69, and the country continued under a complicated network of collegial government and party institutions, buttressed by the army. The initial weeks without Tito left the impression that the system, which is run by an eight-man Collective Presidency and a twenty-three-member Presidium of the League of Communists, was working smoothly. Both bodies are organized along lines of regional representation and select their leaders on a strict one-year rotation basis. During Tito's illness, power passed routinely to Lazar Kolisevski, the current vice president of the Collective Presidency, and Stevan Doronjski, the chairman of the party Presidium. At the same time, however, an informal ruling group was thought to be emerging. Although guesses about its composition varied, its most likely members appeared to be Vladimir Bakaric, 67, a Croat, who is a member of both collective bodies and, next to Tito, the most prominent wartime leader still in power; Milos Minic, 65, a Serb, a former foreign minister, a member of the party Presidium and probably Tito's chief foreign policy adviser; Nikola Ljubicic, 63, a Serb not linked to Serbian nationalism, who is a member of the party Presidium, a general of the army and since 1967 Minister for National Defense; Stane Dolanc, 54, a Slovene with a powerful local base who, until the position was abolished last year, was the powerful party secretary; Branko Mikulic, 51, a hard-line Croat from Bosnia in the party Presidium; Grlichkov, 57, a Macedonian in the party Presidium, and Veselin Djuranovic, 54, a Montenegrin who is both a member of the party Presidium and, since 1977, Prime Minister.

The long-term viability of the collegial system was the talk of Belgrade's embassies, the press club and the "in" Writers' Club restaurant during Tito's illness. Can it successfully run the country without resorting to a new strong man who will act as final arbiter? "Crazy as it is, the system of collective leadership just may work, at least in the short run," said a ranking Western diplomat. Like many observers in Belgrade, he believes that in coming years Yugoslavia will increasingly be run by "summit meetings" among regional political bosses.

The first crop of probable post-Tito leaders were described by those who know them as a corps of reasonable, pragmatic men who tend to be both Western-oriented and liberal. But however talented they are, governing Yugoslavia is not likely to be easy and at some point after Tito's death, although by no means immediately, serious problems are expected to emerge. The nationalist tensions that erupted in 1971, when army troops had to be sent into Croatia, the second largest republic, to quell a popular uprising, continue to bubble under the surface. In the aftermath of the rebellion both the Croatian and Serbian parties were purged in an attempt to quench any future outbursts of nationalist separatism. Although they do not appear to pose a real threat, a group of exile Croat separatist terrorists known as the Ustasha, and, to a lesser degree, the Serbian nationalists known as Chetniks, worry Yugoslav authorities.

Although the old joke that Tito is "the first and last Yugoslav" no longer seems generally true, militant nationalism within the republics or among ethnic groups is regarded as a threat largely because of the fear that unrest somewhere within the Yugoslav borders could provide the Russians with an excuse for providing "fraternal" assistance under the Brezhnev Doctrine.

Although fears of Soviet intervention and uncertainties about the future of the nonaligned movement, a keystone in Tito's foreign policy, dominate Yugoslavia's external worries, economic problems at home present the most urgent challenge. In 1979, the country clearly edged closer to economic crisis. A price stabilization program failed to stop inflation, now nearing an annual rate of 30 percent, and unemployment is hovering between 12 and 14 percent. Because of excessive domestic demand and the growing competition Yugoslav exports to the West are meeting, the balance-of-payments deficit now totals $3 billion.

The decentralized, semi-free market economy and complex self-management system that Tito and Kardelj established, both to satisfy regional and nationalistic aspirations and to distinguish their revolution from the highly centralized model of the Soviet Union, has provided Yugoslavia with a standard of living superior to the rest of the Eastern bloc. The country has a per capita income of $3,000, even after the impoverished, less-developed South is averaged in. Generous credit policies have made consumer durables, cars and foreign travel easily available. This mixed system of socialized businesses and private initiative appears to have the solid backing of an overwhelming majority of Yugoslavs. But there is growing concern over a sharp, ongoing decline in productivity as well as a lack of coordinated, rational economic decision making.

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Increasingly, the paramountcy of local economic interests in the semi-autonomous republics, which conduct their foreign trade independently, appears to be impeding the formation of a coherent national economic policy. Last year, for the first time in Yugoslav history, the federal Government was forced to use a little-known provision of the Constitution allowing it to overrule the republics. Attempts to set the 1980 balance-of-payments projections were blocked when the rivalry among the republics made a shambles of foreign-exchange quotas. Similar problems reportedly exist in other economic sectors.

Adjustments in the system will not be easy. The leaders who succeed Tito will be hard-pressed to develop a system that will keep the country's various national and ethnic groups happy while providing for a degree of necessary recentralization. The political implications are of course enormous. Excessive recentralization could touch off more uprisings like the one in Croatia, but even more worrisome is the fact that a more centralized system might find itself harder put to resist eventual pressure, economic and otherwise, from the Russians. From any perspective, Yugoslavia's future stability rests on a very delicate balance. People like dissident historian Milovan Djilas believe the post-Tito period will, of necessity, bring greater political and economic liberalization, one result of which will be closer ties to the West. Such an outcome could make a liberalization a double-edged sword. A relaxation of the current political system would unleash the centrifugal forces always present in a complex, multifaceted society. Further Westernization of Yugoslavia could also appear threatening to the Soviet Union, which is always worried about liberal contagion spreading to the other countries of the Eastern bloc.

For the moment, in any event, it would appear that the Yugoslavs have no intention of changing their nonaligned position. Although they seem to have begun thinking about diversifying their foreign weapons purchases (at present the bulk of their imported weapons—only 20 percent of the total—come from the Soviet Union), their defense plans reflect an enduring resolve to go it alone. In the event of an invasion through Hungary, their 260,000-man armed forces would be used to slow down the Russians until the larger people's defense forces could organize extensive guerrilla operations in the mountains. Yugoslav ambivalence toward Western assistance was evident in the reaction of mild alarm to expressions of support for Yugoslav independence by the United States and Britain as President Tito was about to undergo surgery. Such gestures are no doubt reassuring, but at the same time the Yugoslavs fear provoking Moscow and therefore made a point of stressing that they had no need of anyone's protection. Since his election, President Carter has worked at reversing his campaign promise of ruling out the use of force to defend Yugoslavia in the event of invasion, but present U.S. policy consists of vague support for "the continued independence, territorial integrity and unity of Yugoslavia." The Yugoslavs do not appear to have asked for anything more. They seem to want help in developing their trade with the United States and Western Europe rather than pledges of defense. They apparently hope that their intermediate position between East and West will be regarded by both sides as essential to the present and future stability of Europe.

Maintaining the uniqueness of the Yugoslav system is, of course, exactly what Tito sought to do over the many years that he was at his country's helm, and it is this that will present the greatest challenge after his passing.

Even as the "when" of Tito's death was at least becoming inescapable, the feeling in Belgrade was that the post-Tito era had already begun. Frane Barbieri, a Yugoslav journalist who now reports on Yugoslavia for Western papers, described what the new awareness meant: "The important thing is no longer Tito's life but the very survival of Titoism." □

NUCLEAR'S COMEBACK

There's Life After T.M.I.

MARK HERTSGAARD

There is no doubt that the Three Mile Island accident shook America's nuclear industry—to the core. But it has now become obvious that, contrary to what many in the antinuclear movement believe, the blow was not fatal. In fact, the accident has made the massive conglomeration of corporate and financial capital of which the industry is composed more determined than ever that the United States go nuclear. The industry's executives are driven by more than just profit lust. At the industry's annual conference last November in San Francisco, it was clear that its officials perceive attacks against nuclear power as attacks against the American private enterprise system. Edward Teller, the father of the H-bomb, reminded his audience that "Much more is at stake than nuclear power or your own corporation. We are in a desperate struggle against whatever you wish to call them—no-growthers, environmentalists, elitists. They may well win the battle and, if they do, America is doomed and freedom is doomed."

Teller's rhetoric is only a spicier version of a view expounded by Leo Yochum, the number-three man at nuclear leader Westinghouse Power Systems Company. I interviewed Yochum during the darkest hours of the T.M.I. crisis. Just hours after radio broadcasts had confirmed the existence of an explosion-prone hydrogen bubble within the reactor core, the Westinghouse vice president reaffirmed his company's commitment to nuclear power. "I just don't understand this talk about nuclear being dead," he complained. "The market is going to return. After all, there is a

Mark Hertsgaard, who is with the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., is writing a book about the American nuclear power industry.

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nuclear imperative for this country."

Despite the T.M.I. humiliation, Yochum's viewpoint is shared by all sectors of the American nuclear colossus, from the utilities and uranium companies to Wall Street and the Big Four reactor manufacturing companies. Nuclear opponents must now battle an enemy whose basic ideological instincts for self-preservation have been aroused. To the industry, the nuclear conflict has escalated into a fundamental struggle over the future shape and viability of American capitalism. With that much at stake, to say nothing of the hundreds of millions of dollars in expected future profits, the nuclear industry is hardly ready to give up because a cooling pump malfunctioned at Three Mile Island. The fight over nuclear power is far, far from over.

The "nuclear power is dead" camp bases its confidence on two assumptions: that the nuclear corporations are not making any money, and that, after Three Mile Island, the public will not accept a major expansion of nuclear power. The first assumption is simplistic and not altogether true. The second is an overly optimistic reading of a public mood that could easily shift in the next few years.

It is true that nuclear power has not turned out to be the moneymaker prophesied back in the 1950s. Only Westinghouse of the Big Four reactor vendors claims any nuclear profits. But a decision to stay in the business is made by judging its future prospects, not by moaning about past losses that have been fully absorbed by now anyway. This rule is especially pertinent to the nuclear industry, where each of the Big Four has already made the basic investment in factories, testing laboratories and engineering teams. Under the circumstances, the "extra cost" of remaining in the business is considerably less than the potential profit.

Moreover, many nuclear executives say that even if they wanted to leave the business, they could not. The utilities, upon whom the Big Four depend for a large chunk of total corporate sales, have made it very clear that they plan to buy more nuclear plants in a few years. To abandon nuclear could cost a reactor manufacturer hundreds of millions of dollars in non-nuclear sales. An official of Babcock & Wilcox, the designer of the ill-fated Three Mile Island plant, stated, "There's no way we're going out. We depend on the utility business. We can't cut our own throats by leaving nuclear. Besides, we've still got plenty of work."

His last sentence refers to the immense backlog of nuclear plants that the Big Four are scheduled to deliver during the 1980s. More than 120 reactors are in the pipeline. That translates into more than $12 billion worth of business, and allows the companies to keep their engineering teams together while awaiting the domestic market's full-scale revival. As these plants come on line, they will gradually double what is by far the nuclear industry's most lucrative area of operations—the refueling and servicing of existing plants. There are seventy-two reactors currently operating in the United States, and General Electric and Westinghouse service another thirty-five abroad. The Big Four annually gross about $1 billion by tending to these plants. What is more, profit margins on such work are almost twice as high as for reactor sales.

Still another source of revenue is the overseas market. Fully 40 percent of General Electric's nuclear income is earned abroad. Westinghouse makes in excess of $25 million every year from the French, Japanese and other foreign companies who have bought its nuclear technology. As the rest of the world turns increasingly toward nuclear energy, the Big Four see a great potential for increasing nuclear exports, especially to energy-starved underdeveloped countries.

But the key question in ascertaining the nuclear industry's future prospects is: when will U.S. utilities start ordering significant numbers of nuclear power plants again? Industry officials expect orders to resume by 1983 at the latest, and sooner in the event of electricity brownouts or another oil embargo. The main reason behind the five-year slump of nuclear plant orders has been the United States' sagging demand for electricity. Following the 1974 oil crisis and recession, electricity demand fell to half its historic 7 percent growth rate. That left electric utilities with excess generating capacity, and caused them to defer scores of new power plants and drastically slash future construction plans. And it is not just nuclear sales that are off; coal-fired stations have been hit, too. Thus the orders slump is a result of a downturn in the utility business as a whole, not a repudiation of nuclear power per se.

In fact, the utilities like nuclear power very much. They plan to buy more of it as soon as they work off their overcapacity and the present regulatory uncertainty settles down. With the possible exception of Babcock & Wilcox, each of the Big Four is willing and able to wait a few years for the market's revival. After all, nuclear power makes up only a small proportion of their total corporate business. Being huge, diversified, wealthy multinational corporations, they can take their relatively minor nuclear losses for years if they so choose. As Gordon Hurlbert, the president of Westinghouse Power Systems Company, explains, "A year, two years, three, it really doesn't matter when it [the market revival] comes. I'm looking at nuclear power to pay my pension when I retire."

The optimism of executives like Hurlbert attests to their belief that nuclear power is integral to American capitalism. The industry offers two basic and powerful reasons why the United States cannot do without nuclear power. The first, the national security imperative, has been used to justify Government subsidies to the nuclear industry ever since the cold war. John Simpson, the man who ran Westinghouse's nuclear business for twenty-one years before his 1974 retirement, graphically articulated this viewpoint at the San Francisco conference: "You know, even if we killed hundreds of people a year, we'd still have to have nuclear. There's just no other way. The Russians could paralyze this country overnight by wrecking the Middle East oilfields. The United States just can't stand for that." Simpson makes the familiar argument that expansion of nuclear power will reduce U.S. vulnerability to another oil embargo or price explosion by cutting our imports of foreign oil.

The industry also asserts that nuclear power is necessary

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for a healthy economy. Without nuclear power, the economy will experience energy shortages. It will not grow enough to avoid an economic slowdown that, executives emphasize, would hit minorities, the poor and women first and hardest. In his keynote address to the San Francisco conference, Westinghouse chief executive Robert Kirby warned that the public "will have to choose . . . between nuclear energy and some tough alternatives. Alternatives like inflation, higher unemployment, no economic growth and national insecurity."

Stripped of the solemn rhetoric, the industry's battle plan comes down to simple energy blackmail: no nukes, no jobs. A public opinion poll conducted by *CBS News* shortly after Three Mile Island indicates that Americans will probably give in to such a threat. Although the poll found that opposition to nuclear power had grown sharply in the last two years, it also showed that, when given a choice between further nuclear development and paying higher prices for foreign oil, Americans favored nuclear two to one.

Energy blackmail is the core theme of the multimillion-dollar public relations counteroffensive that the industry has launched to recover from Three Mile Island. Recognizing that anything close to a repeat performance of the Harrisburg accident would probably finish nuclear power in the United States for good, the industry has committed well over $50 million to upgrade the safety of nuclear power plants. The new Institute for Nuclear Power Operations will improve the training of nuclear plant operators, which was sternly criticized by Congress, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and the Kemeny Commission. The Nuclear Safety Analysis Center has also been established to maintain high technical standards within the industry.

These initiatives lay the groundwork for a public relations campaign designed to drum up mass support for an expanded nuclear power program. The Washington-based Committee on Energy Awareness (C.E.A.) that is running the campaign was established by the same ad hoc T.M.I. Response Committee of industry executives that set up the new safety centers. On November 8, 1979, the C.E.A. placed full-page ads in *The New York Times*, *The Los Angeles Times*, *The Washington Post*, *The Washington Star* and *The Boston Globe* that asked, "Where Will the Energy Come From?" A week later the same papers' readers were enlightened about "What Really Happened at Three Mile Island." Three similar ads will soon surface and be printed in *Time*, *U.S. News & World Report* and *US*, and more such projects are being planned.

The media campaign's main message is that nuclear power is safe and necessary. After all, even at Three Mile Island the safety systems worked and nobody was killed. And the industry is already studying and working to make nuclear power even safer for the future. Meanwhile, in a world filled with uncertainties and threats ranging from the Ayatollah Khomeini to Soviet adventurism, America desperately needs safe nuclear power if it is to avoid economic catastrophe.

Of course, there are many strong arguments to counter the corporate propaganda. One is that nuclear energy actually supplies less than 4 percent of the nation's total energy. A decent conservation program could in time save five times that much energy, with no reduction in human comfort. But safe-energy planners should realize that such technical fixes are no more than utopian dreams so long as private corporations and banks continue to make the basic decisions about investment and production in the American economy.

Throughout its history, the nuclear power industry has boasted of the atom providing cheap, clean and safe energy. Since Three Mile Island, the official line shifted to "We need nuclear energy—like it or not." The change is one more indication that the nuclear struggle has reached a new stage where corporate interests are prepared to use economic, ideological and all other weapons at their disposal to gain victory.

As the energy and economic crises deepen in the 1980s, resistance to nuclear power will be portrayed by the industry and other business interests as an attack on American private enterprise's ability to meet the needs of the people. The industry believes it can count on Americans' loyalty to private enterprise. Babcock & Wilcox nuclear vice president John MacMillan expects that, when things start to get tough, "the antinuclear movement will be lost in the shuffle. The majority of middle-class Americans who depend on the growth of the economy for their jobs are going to make their voices known so strongly to the politicians that they'll have no choice but to go nuclear."

MacMillan's hard-nosed prognosis underscores the challenge facing opponents of nuclear power. If the movement is to win, it must sway broader segments of the middle class away from the mistaken belief that their salvation lies with private enterprise. For so long as that economic system remains in place, critical social decisions will ultimately be settled in a way that preserves the system. If the opponents are right, such a solution in the case of nuclear power could be catastrophic for us all. □

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PORTUGAL MOVES RIGHT

What Happened To the Captains Of April?

STEPHEN TALBOT

Lisbon

For the visitor to Portugal in 1980 it may seem hopelessly remote, but there was a time, less than six years ago, when the armed forces were more popular than the favorite national soccer team, when the sight of a soldier in the streets of Lisbon warmed the heart of even the most committed pacifist. In April 1974 Portugal had an antiwar army—an army so bruised and battered from more than ten years of colonial warfare in Africa, so fed up, that its draftees and junior officers rose up against the obdurate generals and rigid Government officials who refused to end the debilitating, draining conflicts.

The "captains of April" led a popular military coup: a revolt that ended nearly fifty years of dictatorship under Antônio de Oliveira Salazar and Marcello Caetano, led to the dismantling of the antiquated and brutal Portuguese empire in Africa and ushered in important economic reforms in Western Europe's poorest and most underdeveloped nation. The symbol of the April 25 revolt was the red carnation, which soldiers placed in the barrels of their rifles. They called it "the revolution of flowers."

But in recent years the red carnation has withered and faded. Last December a coalition of conservative parties, the Democratic Alliance, won a narrow, six-seat majority in the 250-seat Chamber of Deputies, and the new right-wing Prime Minister, Francisco de Sá Carneiro, has just introduced a program that would put the Portuguese revolution in reverse. An ambitious, temperamental lawyer from Portugal's conservative North, Sá Carneiro has proposed accelerating the return to private hands of land in the Alentejo "red zone" seized by farm workers and transformed into agricultural cooperatives, paying compensation to landlords and industrialists whose property was nationalized after the 1974 revolution, stimulating foreign investment, revising the labor code to give employers more power over their workers and setting up private banks and insurance companies to compete with those nationalized by previous leftist governments (despite a provision in the current Constitution specifically prohibiting their denationalization).

Sá Carneiro has also outlined a foreign policy increasing Portugal's role in NATO and the European Economic Community—a shift from the policy of the Armed Forces Movement, which favored nonalignment and development of closer economic links with the Third World. The ruling Democratic Alliance has already refused to allow María de Lourdes Pintasilgo, a former "caretaker" Prime Minister, to return to her post as Portugal's representative to UNESCO because the left-of-center independent is considered to be insufficiently pro-NATO.

Sá Carneiro's desire to undo hastily the radical reforms of the Portuguese revolution—nationalization of major industries, support for communal farming, defense of trade union rights—is tempered by the fact that the Portuguese Constitution, adopted in 1976, requires the Government to pursue a socialist program. The socialist-oriented Constitution may be amended for the first time by the Government chosen in the elections that must be held next October. It is Sá Carneiro's strategy to try to implement his conservative program cautiously in the next eight months, win reelection and proceed to "de-radicalize" the Constitution. At the same time, Sá Carneiro and his allies in the old-line military establishment are moving to reduce the remaining influence of the Armed Forces Movement in political life.

Today's army in Portugal is a far cry from the anti-fascist, red-carnationed military rebels of April 25. Gone is the special feeling between the Portuguese people and men in uniform. The left-wing junior officers who passed out guns to workers in the "hot summer of '75" have long since been purged from the ranks as the country has moved to the right. The army is smaller, more disciplined, more traditional. Once again it is closely integrated with NATO. And the new leaders of the Portuguese military—while not fascists—bear a closer resemblance to the generals who ran things before April '74 than to the captains of the coup.

What has become of the soldiers of April? The enlisted men were demobilized. Most of the officers of the Armed Forces Movement—an ideologically diverse group of some 200 men—have been investigated, arrested, tried in secret military courts, transferred to the reserves or booted out of the military altogether. Some still have charges against them, even though they were supposed to be covered by a special amnesty law passed last year. Others who have managed to continue in the military under the new regime have been moved from command posts to desk jobs or have been passed over for promotion.

One of Portugal's highest-ranking and most decorated officers describes the repression of progressive military men as a "witch hunt," in which vague, Kafkaesque charges—of "incompetence," say—suddenly appear in one's file. The accusations are usually anonymous and are never made specific, and the accused is often denied an opportunity to clear his name in public. Referring to the Inquisition, the officer added with bitterness, "Our legal system has 500 years of experience in this sort of repression." Although he still holds a relatively important position in the army, the officer said he had been harassed constantly by the military command. Like most of the veteran Armed Forces Movement members I interviewed, he was afraid to let his name be published. That would mean an end to his career, or even jail.

One captain who does speak publicly is Alvaro Henrique Fernandes, a tragic figure. During the most turbulent period

Stephen Talbot, former Africa editor of Internews Bulletin, *visited Portugal in January.*

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of the Portuguese revolution—the summer of 1975, when confrontations between leftists and rightists escalated and there were persistent rumors of imminent right-wing coup attempts—Fernandes admitted distributing 1,000 military weapons to workers and peasants. The radical captain was obliged to go into exile in Paris, where he was granted political-refugee status and worked as an announcer for Radio France. In 1978, encouraged by the pardons granted to several others, including a number of rightists, accused of distributing arms to the population, he voluntarily returned to Portugal to face charges. But Fernandes was promptly clapped into prison and held for one and a half years without specific charges being brought against him. He shared cells with former members of PIDE (the Portuguese secret police). This "psychological torture," Fernandes says, drove him to attempt suicide twice before he was finally released. The captain, a frail-looking, haunted man, is now active in the campaign to force the Government to apply the amnesty law of 1979 to military dissidents and end the persecution of leftist officers.

Because of their past roles in the colonial wars and their proximity to power in the 1974-76 period, the Armed Forces Movement veterans I interviewed offered a wealth of insiders' information about the Portuguese military in Africa and the anti-Communist pressures the post-1974 Governments in Lisbon have felt from the United States. They said that in 1975 Henry Kissinger became alarmed by Communist popularity in Portugal and fired the U.S. Ambassador to Lisbon, Stuart Nash, who was not sufficiently aggressive in his anti-Communism for the Secretary of State's taste. Nash's replacement, Frank Carlucci, now Deputy Director of Central Intelligence, presided over a determined campaign to stop the Portuguese Communist Party by promoting Mário Soares's Portuguese Socialist Party. In September 1975, *The New York Times* reported that the C.I.A. had been spending from $2 million to $10 million a month in Portugal.

In March 1975 the best known of the Armed Forces Movement leaders, the flamboyant and popular Maj. Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, put down a right-wing coup attempt, which he publicly accused Carlucci of instigating. The leader of the abortive coup, the monocled, far-right Gen. Antônio de Spínola, fled into exile.

"We knew Carlucci was involved with Spínola," a former close associate of Spínola told me. "The C.I.A. had its fingers in a lot of pies. But we did not have the political force to oust Carlucci. That's the reality of living in a small country. Carlucci had almost complete freedom to act. Remember, for two years after April 1974 we had no intelligence service in Portugal because we had banned the PIDE. Our country was wide open to the manipulations of the C.I.A., which was based in the Sheraton Hotel in Lisbon; the KGB, operating from the Hotel Ritz; the French, everyone."

On November 25, 1975, a group of leftist paratroopers revolted, but were quickly suppressed by Government troops. It marked a political watershed. The Government blamed the revolt on the entire left and began to purge leftist soldiers from the Armed Forces Movement. Even Major Carvalho was detained. "Before November 25, people were afraid to go to parties at the U.S. Embassy because the left here had the initiative," the high-ranking officer said. "But after November 25, the right came out of the woodwork and they were bribing secretaries to get invitations to Carlucci's receptions."

Carlucci's anti-Communist strategy worked: the Socialists won 35 percent of the vote in the April 1975 elections and took control of Parliament. But the popularity of Soares's Socialists waned over the next few years as they enforced the stiff economic austerity measures demanded by the International Monetary Fund as conditions for a $50 million I.M.F. loan and a $750 million loan from West Germany, Japan, the United States and other countries. In the most recent election, last December, the Socialists lost votes to the right, Sá Carneiro's Democratic Alliance, and to the left, as the Communists increased their percentage from 14.5 to 19 percent. *The New York Times* commented that the epitaph for Soares's Social Democrats may be: "Having served to ward off the Communist challenge they are no longer required."

Carlucci has been succeeded by Ambassador Richard J. Bloomfield, and U.S. Embassy officials stress that Bloomfield is taking a "more even-handed approach, avoiding overidentification with the Socialists and maintaining working contacts with all the democratic parties," i.e., the United States is trying to strengthen its ties with the more traditional right.*

What will become of Portugal in the next few years? Major Carvalho is planning to lead a campaign of independent leftists in the elections next October. Many veterans of the Armed Forces Movement are expected to support him. Others, skeptical of Carvalho's ability to win a substantial vote, will support the Communists or the Socialists. But the "captains of April" with whom I spoke all agree that concerted action is necessary to prevent the right from consolidating its new majority in Parliament and dismantling Portugal's progressive Constitution.

Election analysts attribute the victory of the right-wing Democratic Alliance to a shift away from the Socialists by the urban lower-middle class. "The game of the petite bourgeoisie will determine the future of Portugal," argued one military intellectual. "The working class votes Communist. The right is supported by the Roman Catholic Church, the conservative peasants and the wealthy. The votes of the bakers, office workers, bank clerks will decide the next election."

A radical young captain concurred: "We must develop more of a social base outside the traditional left areas. We must regain the initiative from the right. We did not end fascism in 1974 to see a more acceptable right wing in power six years later." □

*Incidental note: One of Portugal's top military commanders during the 1974-76 period said he was appalled by Gen. Alexander Haig, whom he met in NATO sessions. (There was a raging debate at the time over whether Portugal should be allowed to attend NATO meetings. Kissinger led the move to exclude the unreliable "Reds.") "Haig was arrogant, uncultured and aggressive," the Portuguese officer recalled with a shudder. "If he ever became President of the United States, I fear there would be World War III."

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EL SALVADOR ON THE BRINK

Washington Talks Intervention

CYNTHIA ARNSON

Washington

Just as for decades U.S. policy in Latin America was designed to prevent "second Cubas," so the aim of today's U.S. hemispheric strategists is to prevent "second Nicaraguas." Having acted too late to stop the groundswell of popular opposition to Anastasio Somoza in Nicaragua from growing to revolutionary proportions, U.S. officials are determined to prevent a similar explosion in neighboring El Salvador. This time, however, the stakes are higher. In the context of cold-war posturing over the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan and drummed-up hysteria over Cuban activities in the region, Carter may well feel impelled to take a tough stand, lest El Salvador be added to the list of Carter "losses"—Iran and Nicaragua—in an election year.

In the Pentagon view, a war in El Salvador could threaten the security of the Panama Canal and Mexican oilfields. Added to this are fears that a war would embolden Guatemalan guerrillas, destabilizing the whole region and provoking an intervention in El Salvador by the paranoid Guatemalan Army. Should this happen, and should Nicaragua feel compelled to aid the rebels, the resulting Central American land war would provide a convenient excuse for the United States to send in the Marines, stemming the tide of revolutionary upheaval in Central America once and for all.

The predominant view in the State Department is less extreme, but shares a fundamental commitment to keeping the El Salvadoran left from power. Having failed to build a viable "middle ground" in Nicaragua, the State Department believes it has found one in El Salvador—the Christian Democrats and "progressive" military sectors. The current civilian-military Government, the second of two juntas to rule since the October 1979 ouster of Gen. Carlos Humberto Romero, has earned the full endorsement of Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs William Bowdler. After a recent swing through Central America, Bowdler and his Latin American bureau proposed an economic assistance package of $50 million, as well as $350,000 in military training grants and $4.5 million in foreign military sales credits. The Pentagon wants to send an additional $5.6 million in security assistance next year, bringing proposed military aid for the next eighteen months to 62 percent of the total that El Salvador has received since 1950.

In addition to giving bilateral aid to El Salvador, the United States is trying to forge international support for the Christian Democrats. A delegation from Colombia, Ecuador and Venezuela recently returned from El Salvador, having promised their moral, and possibly financial, support to the junta, and U.S. officials have approached Spain and West Germany to provide additional military assistance.

While support for centrist political parties may have been a viable strategy ten years ago, it could have disastrous consequences now. The country's militant popular organizations and guerrilla groups, which have developed a mass following in recent years, have called for a radical restructuring of wealth and an end to the security forces' notorious human rights abuses. Both demands now are tantamount to calling for the overthrow of El Salvador's tiny oligarchy, which has traditionally relied on the security apparatus to maintain its hold on power. The landowning elite have themselves refused to bargain, negotiating instead with right-wing military officers and hiring private armies to spread terror through the countryside.

While recognizing the need for change, the United States is determined to control its quality and pace. Recent accords of unity between El Salvador's popular organizations, as well as their attempts to forge links with centrist political parties, have been ignored in Washington, where the prevailing winds favor supporting a civilian-military coalition that could provide a "stable climate" for reform.

Last November, the United States sent El Salvadoran security forces $205,541 worth of tear gas, gas masks and protective vests, as well as a six-man military team to train Salvadoran troops in riot control. Now the United States is considering sending more twelve-man army "mobile training teams," perhaps as many as three in the next several months. Pentagon pressures to prevent a row of dominoes from falling in Nicaragua's wake could well lead to escalating commitments to El Salvador's faltering leaders. "The central question," said one State Department official, "is whether El Salvador will become our Afghanistan." □

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Face-Off in San Salvador

BARBARA KOEPPEL

San Salvador

On the surface, the problems that wrack tiny, impoverished, overcrowded and highly polarized El Salvador are straightforward. Grinding poverty for the many (three-fifths of families live in one-room cardboard or straw shacks, and rural workers earn between $2 and $4 a day) and great wealth for the few (the ruling families own farms of 50,000 acres in a country half the size of New Jersey); chronically high unemployment (figured at 30 percent, with 50 percent underemployment) and vicious repression of all who challenge the status quo. (See Stephen Kinzer, "Central American Dominoes," *The Nation*, November 10, 1979.)

The solution would seem obvious: establish some form of

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social democracy to redistribute the wealth, democratize the country's institutions and end the repression. But the problem is how to bring these reforms about when those who have the power to make them—the landed oligarchy and the military—are adamantly opposed to doing so. "The junta can pass all the decrees it likes, but without the power to implement them, the laws are worthless," explains Dr. Fabio Castillo, a left-wing opposition leader, one-time Presidential candidate and former rector of the national university. For this, he notes, the military holds the key, but now it is not in a position to make any concessions.

Back in October 1979, following a bloodless coup staged by a group of progressive young officers, a faction within the army seemed ready to break with the entrenched right wing and the oligarchy. Gen. Carlos Humberto Romero, the inept and fraudulently elected President, had fled to Guatemala. And the officers proposed reforms such as land redistribution, freeing of political prisoners and democratization that would meet the people's demands and quell the social unrest. Such a course, however, would have meant a split within the army which the officers, as career military men, simply couldn't sanction. Therefore, they compromised with the ruling elite (a move pushed by the United States), naming a hard-liner as Minister of Defense and conservatives to the important Ministries of Justice and the Economy and placing a civilian with close ties to the oligarchy on the new junta, thus tilting it, three to two, to the right. In doing this, the military insured that any reforms the progressives in the junta and Cabinet might initiate would be blocked.

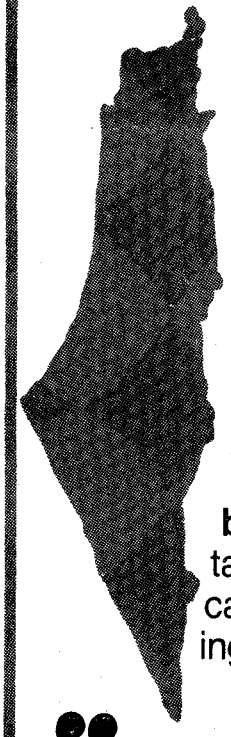
The young officers had no other choice. To begin with, they hadn't enough backing to ease out the hard-liners altogether. Further, such a move was certain to provoke full-scale battle, which they wanted to avoid. And, most important, the officers had absorbed the lesson of neighboring Nicaragua, where a once invincible National Guard and dictator were wiped off the map by a popular rebel army. Aware that disunity could be their undoing, the officers closed ranks.

Thus, by December, none of the promised changes had occurred. Not one political prisoner was freed, land reform was permanently stalled and the democratization hadn't even begun. After a brief lull in hostilities, the opposition once again took its protest to the streets and demonstrators and strikers were once again being shot. Their hands hopelessly tied, the progressives in the Government had no option but to resign, en masse; their frustration and determination was best expressed by the 29-year-old education minister who told a cheering crowd at the university that he was "going underground to fight for the people until total liberation was achieved."

Under intense pressure by the United States to find a solution other than war, the military played its last card. It turned to the Christian Democrats—a party it had all but destroyed

Barbara Koeppel, a contributing editor to The Progressive *and commentator for National Public Radio, recently returned from El Salvador.*

THE QUESTION OF PALESTINE



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over the last decade—to form a new junta. Although this party has traditionally represented the interests of the business-financial sector, it came to the junta calling for reforms; with the level of popular unrest, it could do no less. "We must make the reforms needed to pull the people out of the poverty to which previous regimes have condemned them," declared Dr. José Ramon Avalos, one of the junta's civilians. Since these reforms include nationalizing the banks and foreign trade, along with breaking up the largest landholdings—the very sectors the oligarchy controls and is unwilling to relinquish—the large landowners find the Christian Democrats too radical and support the military, sensing that only it can protect them from the surging popular movement, as it did during the peasant revolts of the 1930s.

For its part, the left-wing opposition—both legal and clandestine—is equally unimpressed with the new junta. "The faces have changed," they insist, "but the military still holds the power." To demonstrate their repugnance, the left led an anti-Government protest barely two weeks after the junta was installed, turning out over 100,000 Salvadorans in the streets of the capital. Twenty demonstrators were killed (witnesses claimed the first shots were fired by right-wing agitators), and the unrest continues. (According to the Salvadoran human rights commission, 194 people were killed in the first two weeks of February.)

One new element in the turbulent situation is the left's decision to unite. Until now, both the underground guerrilla groups and their legal counterparts were torn by internal divisions and they shunned alliances. But they are increasingly aware that as long as they are divided they are doomed to remain on the sidelines; also, they understand that the Sandinists succeeded in Nicaragua because they were able to unite all the revolutionary forces. As a result, by late December two of the three guerrilla groups plus the clandestine Communist Party and all four legal left-wing organizations had formed a national coordinating committee to direct the popular resistance.

Predictably, the military feels more threatened than ever. In a last-ditch effort to avoid war, the popular Archbishop Oscar Romero, who has been an important ally of the opposition, called for the right-wing defense minister to resign, hoping his exit would reduce tensions and obstacles. In a show of solidarity, the army flatly refused the request. Also, there are hints that a new round of repression against the left may begin. The right is stepping up a campaign in the press to discredit the Marxist organizations, hoping to build on decades of anti-Communist rhetoric. Their slogan, "Peace and Work," implies that the left-wing agitators will permit neither. In a climate of fear and uncertainty, the conservatives may have some success.

The critical unknown, in this society deeply divided along class lines, is the extent of worker and peasant support for the left. In the past, many urban and rural workers found the revolutionary groups' tactics excessive—the execution last November of several members of ORDEN (National Democratic Organization), the right-wing paramilitary group, by the Popular Revolutionary Bloc, for example. Also, the popular organizations were responsible for the closing of some factories and farms, which cost workers their jobs—a consequence they did not appreciate. But the left reversed its strategy and now urges all enterprises to stay open. Also, the new attempt at unity will surely reap rewards.

At present, few Salvadorans believe that a confrontation can be averted; the previously uncommitted take sides, battle lines are drawn and both left and right arm and train for what seems inevitable. ORDEN, with its 60,000 members, is secretly organizing and receiving money and supplies from army-ruled Guatemala. Moreover, its founder, General Medrano, who was closely linked to the Central Intelligence Agency in the 1960s (although he was in and out of favor because of drinking and drug problems), has recently surfaced and is coordinating the ORDEN push; he is again a frequent visitor to the American Embassy.

While the United States would prefer change through nonviolent channels, it is well aware that the military and police (who number 20,000 at best) would fall before a unified, mobilized popular movement. An armed and enlarged ORDEN, however, could even up the sides and increase the likelihood of a protracted, bloody conflict. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Rukeyser: Poet of Plenitude

TED SOLOTAROFF

When I first and best knew Muriel, five or six years ago, she was a large, somewhat top-heavy woman in her early 60s with a broad, crafty Russian face—the kind you might see behind the counter of a Jewish deli—an infirm walk and a full heart. She was one of those people who come across immediately, which I remember thinking was surprising in a poet as famous as she was. Fame, at least literary fame, tends to make people cagey, not to mention the conflicts that maintain them as poets and make them, in person, usually wear a sleeve on their hearts.

Not Muriel. She arrived before you on a wave of feeling each time you saw her, a bit disheveled from the ride. At least that's how I remember our meetings. What brought us together was a matter of literary politics. A faction at P.E.N. needed someone to stand for president at the last moment. It doesn't pay to go into the reasons, which I'm not nearly as convinced of now as I was then, but anyway we felt we needed a writer who was not only renowned but also one whose career would immediately have a commanding appropriateness for the post: a veteran literary freedom fighter. Some of us were also hoping for an activist who might get American P.E.N. off the dime of a certain dated genteelness on which we felt it had been languishing and make it a center of literary community in New York.

For both jobs Muriel seemed a terrific choice. She was one of the few literary radicals from the 1930s who hadn't lost faith in her social conscience: that special blend of outrage and tenderness which was always on tap in her poetry—"the desperate music/poverty makes." Her radicalism still prompted her active engagement with the causes and movements of the 1960s and early 1970s as it had in Spain and in the coal-belt factory and mining towns and in the Deep South thirty years ago. At the same time, she was already a kind of one-woman center of energy and community for poetry. She was a mainstay of the Translation Center, an organization that was trying to reclaim this wasteland sector of American letters. She was also a force for good in the 92nd Street YMHA poetry program, which was in several ways a model for what we wanted to do with American P.E.N. Muriel had a special workshop going there; instead of teaching poetry writing, as her peers did, she taught poetry reading. When her friend, Louise Bernikow, once asked her what she did besides writing, Muriel said she was "mainly reading poems with people: undergraduates; 2 year olds; dropouts; the old; the blind, etc." She was also reading a lot of poems by young poets; she was a rarity in that way too, a "name" who took the manuscripts that were thrust at her at readings and meetings, who tried hard to get the good ones published. She was so approachable: that warm, steady look that took you in in the way you liked to be seen, that smile which gave you welcome, one which could easily be taken for the smile of Fortune.

At the time we approached her on the P.E.N. matter, Muriel was recovering from a heart attack, the latest of her cardiovascular problems, and looked it. Listening to her breathing, I wondered whether we were asking too much of her. Sitting there in her studio loft in the artists' housing project known as Westbeth (where else would she live?), surrounded and protected by the tools and arrangements and icons of a working literary life, what did she need us and our thorny issue and airy plans for? But she listened to us intently and then, I think, she held up her hand and said, "All right, I know what needs to be done now. I'll do it if you'll help me."

And so she did and so we did. The bureaucracy of P.E.N. at the time didn't know what to make of her and gave her a hard time. She didn't go through channels and agendas very well; as Grace Paley says, "Muriel was like the ocean instead of a stream or a puddle." There was a poet, Kim Chi Ha, in prison in South Korea. Instead of sending letters and cables to Seoul, Muriel sent herself. She went to see the authorities and when they wouldn't let her visit Kim Chi Ha in his cell, she went to the prison anyway and stood outside in the mud and rain and bore witness. Back home at the executive board meetings, she also poured herself out. Somewhat indifferent to the housekeeping problems—to which her standard response was a wily "What is the board's pleasure?"—she pressed on to the heavy issues such as decentralizing P.E.N. through regional centers and creating programs for writers in the New York area. Her pet project was a conference on "the life of the writer," a topic that had a kind of numinous meaning for her but remained somewhat vague to the rest of us. Without much support, she persisted and brought it off in Washington, D.C. In her public actions, as in her poetry, she trusted her visionary gleam, a trust that made her, in the fullest sense of the word, undiscourageable.

Gallant Muriel. The final few years beggar description. Her health, which had always been precarious, was devastated by a serious stroke, by cataracts, and by her longtime nemesis, diabetes, "the Caligula of diseases," as Richard Selzer puts it. Still, as always, she did what she could, writing poetry and bringing out her *Collected Poems*, going her appointed rounds of literary panels and juries and conferences and keeping up her readings. As Grace Schulman tells it, "Whenever poetry was being celebrated, Muriel would somehow get there." At one such event, a group of poets was assembled on a stage; Muriel arrived and then, walker and all, virtually blind, she somehow hoisted herself up on that stage, for that was where she belonged.

In one of her late poems, "Facing Sentencing" (she was about to go to jail for protesting the war on the steps of the Senate), these lines appear:

> But fear is not to be feared
> Numbness is To stand before my judge
> Not knowing what I mean.

Muriel was not a measured poet. Like Whitman, a powerful early influence, she was a sayer rather than a maker. Her mind ranged and ranged, from aviation to zoology, from the mines of West Virginia to the sacred caves of India, from the writings of Akiba to the

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speeches of Wendell Willkie. In her *Collected Poems*, there is a series of portraits of the early physicist Willard Gibbs, the painter Albert Ryder, the aristocratic man of letters John Jay Chapman, the labor organizer Ann Burlack and the composer Charles Ives. Her verse is typically open, notational, even documentary; its rhythm comes from the onrushing movement in her mind of the experience, from the flow of her passion for the object. There are transcripts of trials in her poems, the minutes of Congressional hearings, detailed descriptions of silicosis. Her experiments tended to be on the side of plenitude rather than restriction, of inclusiveness rather than exclusiveness. For she had much to clarify, much to keep alive. In her body and in her mind, in her life and in her art, she fought against numbness.

Muriel had a peculiar habit. She never said goodbye. You would call her up, an animated conversation would ensue, reach a conclusion and then suddenly she would be gone. Now she's hung up for good, leaving her poems, as she hoped they would, to speak from her silence to ours. One of the best ones, "St. Roach," seems to me pure Muriel.

For that I never knew you, I only learned to dread you,
for that I never touched you, they told me you are filth,
they showed me by every action to despise your kind;
for that I saw my people making war on you,
I could not tell you apart, one from another,
for that in childhood I lived in places clear of you,
for that all the people I knew met you by
crushing you, stamping you to death; they poured boiling water on you, they flushed you down,
for that I could not tell one from another
only that you were dark, fast on your feet, and slender.
Not like me.
For that I did not know your poems
And that I do not now know any of your sayings
And that I cannot speak or read your language
And that I do not sing your songs
And that I do not teach our children
to eat your food
or know your poems
or sing your songs
But that we say you are filthing our food
But that we know you not at all.

Yesterday I looked at one of you for the first time.
You were lighter than the others in color, that was neither good nor bad.
I was really looking for the first time.
You seemed troubled and witty.
Today I touched one of you for the first time.
You were startled, you ran, you fled away
Fast as a dancer, light, strange and lovely to the touch.
I reach, I touch, I begin to know you. □

No Fans for The Unemployed

PAUL COWAN

NOT WORKING: An Oral History of the Unemployed. *By Harry Maurer. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 297 pp. $12.95.*

It is hard to get much attention for a book like *Not Working* which contains a great many powerful, provocative interviews about the subject of unemployment. For one thing, the author of such a book hasn't the built-in constituency of feminist writers, Jewish writers and gay writers. Most unemployed people can't shell out $13 for this hard-cover rendition of the painful problems they've already experienced. Moreover, few people who buy books will see joblessness as a subject that interests them as much as, say, dieting, making money or achieving multiple orgasms.

But there is another and equally disturbing side to that reality of the literary marketplace. Most people who *do* pay attention to a book like *Not Working* tend to live according to the dictates of their durable social consciences, not their immediate psychological needs. They are a lonely group, always in search of new members. They tend to believe that a man like Harry Maurer, who completes a task as worthy as this one, deserves only praise. Hence, Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*, writes "To read [*Not Working*] is to experience a most unfashionable set of emotions—sadness followed by moral outrage." Hence, the economist Robert Lekachman writes this oddly put encomium: "This is a book to sit on the same shelf as Studs Terkel."

The truth is that Maurer has written a flawed book. Unmitigated praise by his progressive peers will be detrimental to his growth—and to the development of the form he works in. Such praise can ultimately be as harmful as indifference. For books like *Not Working* must be as powerful as possible in order to break out of the small ghetto of social conscience literature and get into the hands of readers who, right now, are indifferent to the lives of the people Maurer seeks to portray.

Not Working is organized in very much the same way as Studs Terkel's books. It is an oral history which contains tape-recorded interviews with sixty-three people. Thus, characters appear, spend several pages describing their situations and then disappear, never to be heard from again.

Each interview contains the ingredients of a marvelous short story. The strength of the book is that those ingredients exist. Its weakness lies in Maurer's failure to select them from his mass of raw material, and to work on them until they achieve the promise they contain.

Here are some of the stories Maurer starts to tell: Grace Keaton, a New Yorker in her late 30s, has just been fired by the book publishing company that has employed her for fifteen years.

She had always been extremely loyal to her boss—"nauseatingly loyal," she says in retrospect. Then, at 10:30 one morning, she walked into his office expecting to have a business meeting; instead, he told her she'd have to leave the company. "They had eliminated my job," she says. She couldn't believe that the employer she'd regarded as her protector and friend had been transformed so suddenly into a heartless, cost-conscious technocrat.

Her boss tells her, magnanimously, that she doesn't have to carry her own possessions home. A truck will deliver them to her door.

But she must surrender her keys to the office—she can't take them with her. This is the detail that stunned her. "God, I mean, immediately, in one min-

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ute, you're a pariah. You are trespassing. It's just remarkable, the violence.

"It was the worst blow I ever had. I've been divorced. My father died a few months before I got fired." But this was even more shocking. "I was persuaded that I must be not only as bad as the company must have thought I was to fire me, but much worse than that. Probably the world's worst. Probably I didn't deserve to live. It doesn't simply take away your self-confidence. It destroys you. Utterly."

Grace Keaton isn't exactly a victim—many people in *Not Working* are far worse off than she is. At least she has a new job in a new city. But she's terribly sad to leave the life she spent so long constructing. And she is still bitter at the people who altered her life by exercising arbitrary power without even giving her a hint of a warning that they might fire her. One wonders if Grace Keaton's experience has deprived her, forever, of her capacity for trust.

Jim Hughes, 35, a die-hard Republican, is a welder who lives in Indiana. He thinks he was fired because his boss didn't like him. But he's not quite sure. That hint of self-doubt pervades *Not Working*: people are never quite sure if they should blame themselves or their institutions for their problems. They are consigned to a psychological netherworld.

Soon, Hughes goes through what is for him the degrading experience of collecting welfare and unemployment. He buys food stamps. All those acts, of course, violate his deepest sense of himself. That's especially true because he can't find a new job. Some weeks, his family is flat broke. He and his wife and their young daughter go for days at a time without eating, he says.

He becomes obsessed with himself and his problems. "I drank a little heavy," he says. "Started drinking when there was nothing to do . . . I had too much time on my hands."

His days took on a new, half-mad rhythm. "You just get up in the morning and wait to go to bed at night. . . . When you go to bed you can't sleep. . . . But when you get up in the morning you just can't wait till it's time to go to bed."

One day, Hughes's wife left him for a month. "That was the worst. I had less than $100. I made that last me all month and somehow I managed to keep booze around pretty much of the time. I don't know how I did it. I guess by stretching a dollar."

Now, his psychological plight is even worse than Grace Keaton's. For he found another job—and then he lost it. "But when you can't do anything, you have a feeling of total worthlessness. You're just worthless," he tells Maurer.

Ron Brett, a black from Dayton, Ohio, has an altogether different kind of story. When he was working at a machine shop, several years before Maurer met him, his life became so entangled with alcohol and with women that he often didn't show up at the job. So he was fired for cause.

Soon after that he decided to turn to Jesus. "I went to church, and I got saved, and that was it."

He still doesn't have a job, though. He doesn't know if that's his own fault, or whether he's the victim of racism. "I'm 35 years old, and unemployed, and black, and I wonder when I'm going to get that chance to be able to contribute something."

He has found one way to earn money. Often he goes to the blood bank, which stays open from 7:30 A.M. until 5:30 P.M. If he goes twice a week, he gets $6 for the first time he gives blood, $9 for the second.

Maurer describes Ron Brett as a shy man. Brett describes himself as "a loner." He also talks about the fantasies he used to have—of killing a white man or of throwing a Molotov cocktail in someone's window—before Jesus "began to keep me cool."

Now, this simmering, distant man describes his new way of earning a livelihood as "getting pricked and having all those big needles stuck into you."

In Maurer's introduction to *Not Working*, he describes the uneasiness he felt at "what Studs Terkel calls 'this thief-in-the-night feeling,' the knowledge that I was taking much and giving little." Interestingly, the sentence suggests the central flaw in *Not Working* without quite defining it. For Maurer's problem isn't so much that he's taking, not giving, as that he doesn't really stay around to examine what he's found. He presents us with sixty-three tantalizing portraits of human beings instead of ten or fifteen richer, better realized ones.

In a way, he is a victim of Studs

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Terkel's success, and of the technological device, the tape recorder, that made Studs's special brand of oral history possible.

Terkel's work—and his unflagging, generous encouragement—have benefited me, too. But I think Maurer has followed his method too closely. It's true that Terkel, like Maurer, records immense quantities of interviews. But some combination of his singularly infectious personality and his and André Schiffrin's editing skills allow his subjects to retain their liveliness even after their vibrant voices are reduced to dull type. Maurer's subjects, by contrast, are often drowned in a sea of details.

In any case, Terkel is just one legatee of a rich tradition of American writers. But Maurer—like Howell Raines, in *My Soul Is Rested*, an oral history of the civil rights movement—tends to deify him and forget his forebears. So it is worth remembering that all of us were influenced by Theodore Dreiser and Stephen Crane, by John Dos Passos and John Steinbeck and the Edmund Wilson of *The American Earthquake* and by James Agee. Those writers weren't "thieves in the night." They spent a great deal of time with their subjects, watched their lives unfold and then used their sense of craft to distill the essence of relationships that had lasted for weeks or years. Maurer could have done that, too.

As I was reading *Not Working*, I found myself very interested in the next chapter of Grace Keaton's saga (How did she fare in the city she went to? Could she ever develop trusting relationships again?). I wanted to know more about Jim Hughes—particularly how, as an unemployed semi-alcoholic, he treated the 5-year-old daughter who still seemed to be living in his house when Maurer was there. I wanted to know whether Ron Brett's born-again equanimity would last through another jobless year—or, for that matter, whether it would survive the pressures that were bound to crop up if Brett found work again.

I want to end this mixed review, though, by reiterating a question that perplexes me.

Several weeks ago I wrote a thoroughly negative review of Edmund White's *States of Desire: Travels in Gay America* for *The New York Times Book Review*. Within a few days, *The Book Review* had received several letters in which some people denounced me as a homophobe and others complained about *The Times*'s practice of assigning books by gay men to straight reviewers. Although I obviously don't agree with that characterization of my attitude toward gays, I think the response was a fair one. White's defenders were upholding their sense of craft and rallying to the defense of a friend.

That same week Anatole Broyard reviewed *Not Working* in the daily *New York Times*. His criticism (which centered on the fact that Maurer never shows us what employers think of the people who have been fired) is irrelevant and unsympathetic to the problems of the unemployed. The tone of his review was certainly harsher than the tone of this one, though it was not as harsh as my review of *States of Desire*. The point that interests me, however, is that there was no one to defend Maurer (and the unemployed) against Broyard—or against me for that matter. There is no one to call us unemployedophobes or to insist that books about unemployed people can't be reviewed by employed ones. The unemployed have no lobby in the literary world.

I'm convinced that *Not Working* is a far better, more important book than *States of Desire*. But who will buy it? How can an editor promote it? (Terkel's books are largely promoted on the strength of his personality. But does one have to possess his media presence in order to sell books about poor people?) How can a reviewer like me—who wants *Not Working* to succeed but who cares about developing standards for the genre it represents—convince people to read it without overpraising it?

Right now, the problem of unemployment—particularly black unemployment—is at the root of the relentless street violence that is plaguing America's cities. Unemployment is leading people like Jim Hughes to slow but certain suicide. Who knows what it is doing to his daughter?

Clearly, Harry Maurer raises these questions, and provides some important insights into them. But it seems to me that almost no one, in these desperate, self-indulgent times, will take the trouble to read his book—or heed the warning it presents. Maybe I'm wrong, though. Personally, I plan to keep writing as if there were a vast audience of Americans who are eager to read the stories of people like Grace Keaton, Jim Hughes and Ron Brett. But I wish that *Not Working* had been so very good that it presented an authentic test of my current pessimistic impression of the book-buying public. □

House Arrest

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

MY HOME, MY PRISON. *By Raymonda Hawa Tawil. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 265 pp. $12.95.*

When I visited Raymonda Tawil at her home in Ramallah on the West Bank in the summer of 1976, it was to find her living under the house arrest which led to this book. Callers were allowed, as long as they gave their names and details to the (Arab) cop stationed at the door. The rest of the family was permitted more or less free access. But the telephone had been cut off, and other petty indignities were being inflicted. All this, of course, was done under the "emergency regulations" of the old British Mandate, which the Zionist leadership of the 1940s had described as "fascist."

There were some other more poignant ironies. At that moment, Syrian soldiers were fighting Palestinian guerrilla formations in Lebanon, and Tel Al Zaatar had just fallen. The atmosphere of gloom and isolation on the West Bank was intense, with many villages renaming streets and squares which had been dedicated to President Assad not long before. That feeling of being alone in the world, which is such an integral part of the Palestinian consciousness, had seldom been stronger. On the faces of the occupation authorities was an unmistakable expression of gloating and satisfaction. Yassir Arafat's triumphant appearance at the United Nations was completely forgotten: the P.L.O. was back in the ghetto again.

For Raymonda Tawil, this feeling was by no means novel or unique. In her life she has been an Israeli citizen, a Jordanian and a Palestinian. She comes from a Christian background—as do a surprising number of her more radical and secular compatriots. She is a feminist, which puts her at a definite

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angle to Arab society and mores. She and her family have been chivvied by authority and by arbitrary borders all their lives. She has no more love for King Hussein's version of Palestine than for Menachem Begin's or Moshe Dayan's.

Early in the book comes a statement of her general position. She has been oppressed, she says:

> as a Palestinian, belonging to a people deprived of rights and dignity;
> as a woman in a semifeudal, patriarchal society;
> as a citizen of a territory under foreign military occupation;
> as an individual in a traditionalist, oppressive environment that restricts individual liberties.

This is a woman whose first affirmation of protest was to organize a jazz concert in Nablus attended by both men *and* women; a woman who has been called a Zionist agent because she wrote this book with the help of Peretz Kidron, an Israeli leftist.

The book's virtue is its compound of broad-minded humanism, most strikingly evidenced by Tawil's attitude toward Israelis and Jews. She seems genuinely free of racial animosity—perhaps because much of her education was spent in mixed schools. In the middle of the book she compares the Palestinian experience of exile and persecution with that of the Jews in Europe—which might of course outrage many Israelis until they realize what a compliment she is intending to pay them.

What she really admires about the Israelis is their free thinking and their individuality. Having voluntarily left Israel in order to go and live in Jordan (only to be reabsorbed into Israel in 1967), Tawil found she missed the atmosphere of criticism and emancipation which marks so much of Israeli life and culture. In the dingy and backward air of Arab small-town life, with its conformism and its gossipy repressions, she felt more and more trapped. She even says that her married life made her feel like Ibsen's Nora. (What her husband makes of this book I don't know. He looked pretty confused when I saw him.) So she now discovers herself in the paradoxical position of resisting a foreign occupation, but finding herself admiring the qualities and resources of the invader. No wonder she makes the local tongues wag a bit.

The book's defects are a certain theatricality of style (far too many exclamation points) and a noticeable egocentricity. I'm not sure how much one ought to object to the latter—Tawil would obviously be a natural journalist, and many correspondents in Israel know her as "press officer for the West Bank." But she sometimes gets herself in the way of telling a story, and this affects the proportion of events in an irritating way.

This style (the Six Day war as seen by the author) is, however, more serviceable in one of the later chapters. This describes a speaking tour which Tawil undertook in the United States. It happened to coincide with a period of high tension in the Middle East, with the Ma'alot massacre as its centerpiece. Here, her personal and anecdotal method is appropriate, and her facility with individuals an advantage.

Since that first period of house arrest, she has been detained and interrogated afresh. But she has never been accused or convicted of any crime. For anybody, let alone any woman, who is impatient with dogmatism, racialism and political fanaticism, Palestine in this century is just the wrong place and time to be born. We must hope that there are more like her who can rise above their condition and their inheritance. □

Freaking

FRANK DONNER

DEEP COVER: An FBI Agent Infiltrates the Radical Underground. *By Cril Payne. Newsweek Books. 348 pp. $11.95.*

This well-written and absorbing memoir of a former F.B.I. agent's career as a radical-hunter is the best insider's account available of Federal Bureau of Investigation operations against intelligence targets. The book's unique perspective derives from its author's six-year stint as an undercover agent, assigned by the Bureau's Los Angeles field office to infiltrate the peace movement and the Weathermen. This practice of deploying *Bureau* agents—employees of the agency itself and not outsiders—did not begin until the late 1960s, when traditional techniques of monitoring the radical sectors of the antiwar movement proved ineffective. (The Bureau began this practice in conventional criminal investigations much earlier.)

The Bureau had earlier preferred to rely exclusively on nonagency sources for close surveillance and infiltration of political activities for a variety of reasons. The informer could be treated as an independent contractor, rewarded not for his services but for the information produced, thus enabling the Bureau to disclaim responsibility for his conduct. Hoover was particularly anxious to protect the Bureau against a recurrence of the charges of provocation which had plagued it in the 1920s when informers were "confidential employees" and (literally) *agents provocateurs.* There were also important image considerations which promoted a change in the former practice: to require agents to dissemble their loyalties would mar their Mr. Clean image. Hoover had thought it intolerable to require an agent to wallow in the mud of radicalism—even in the line of duty. This was a

Frank Donner is director of the American Civil Liberties Union research project on political surveillance and author of a forthcoming book on the subject, The Age of Surveillance *(Alfred A. Knopf).*

THE GARLIC KID

Thomas Starling

THE GARLIC KID tells the story of a young World War II American Army officer stationed in England who becomes involved in conflicts growing out of love, black marketeering, espionage, and an ideological dilemma. It contains realism and fantasy, humor and satire, love and hate--but primarily it is a novel of ideas, concerned in basic theme with the greatest conflict of our times, that between differing social systems.

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responsibility more appropriately assigned to patriotic volunteers, correspondence school Hawkshaws, defectors and similar types. And in any event, the straight-arrow, one-dimensional agents were hardly equipped for the impersonation, deception and role playing demanded by the intense and protracted involvement of the successful infiltrator.

Agents did, of course, engage in a wide variety of forms of physical surveillance and photography and even mingled with their targets at demonstrations and rallies both to pick up information and scout out informer recruits. But in the late 1960s and 1970s, drastic appearance and behavior modifications became imperative if one wished to get close enough even for minimal surveillance. In the hippie and countercultural sectors of the movement, long hair, beards, flashy vests, blue jeans and boots were *de rigueur*. And the kind of social relations which might yield a useful confidence or tip required a readiness to share the comforts of pot and the everyday lingo of the smoking art. The problem of relating to targets in some fruitful way became desperate when agents experienced difficulty in approaching potential informer recruits. Even the urban police with their "mod squads" were more successful in entering the tribal world of the activists.

When the Bureau found that it wasn't getting anywhere with outside informers, it reluctantly made the leap to agent-informers. Payne and a small group of young agents working out of the Los Angeles office ("the Beards" as they called themselves) rose to the occasion with dress, tonsorial and related changes in appearance, language and behavior which made them more acceptable to their targets than to the office bureaucrats, who tended to view them as "freaks" in more than a metaphorical sense. In fact, although this transformation was a professional necessity, these departures from the Bureau's rigid hair-length regulations and dress code had to be concealed from Washington higher-ups.

The most useful achievement of these bogus freaks was the organization of an entity known as the November Committee—a unit composed of six agents with the requisite cover—which served the Los Angeles area as a clearinghouse for activist transportation services, including trips to the 1972 Democratic and Republican conventions in Miami. The November Committee was a truly ingenious device: it gave its members broad access to the population of activists, an opportunity to identify and trace movements of priority targets with a minimum of risk of disclosure (an informer's offer of services is a time-tested way of reducing suspicion: it is simply too inconvenient to distrust the bearer of badly needed gifts) and without the necessity of becoming overly involved in the activities of a particular group, as in the case of a conventional informer. But such a cozy arrangement had a high price: the Bureau supplied appropriately camouflaged vehicles to enable area activists to travel to the Miami conventions.

Payne's undercover status became official as the necessity for such freak resources mounted. In a second stage, he was provided with a deep cover, equipped with a van and dispatched first to the Seattle area and then to Canada to pick up the trail of Weathermen fugitives whose ability to elude capture was causing increasing embarrassment. This time his cover was that of a drug dealer, a role which again afforded mobility and wide access to the freak world without requiring overt involvement in its activities. In the course of Payne's pursuit of the fugitives, which dominates his book, we meet an assortment of hippie and radical types, dropouts, granola revolutionaries and neopastoral sages. As Payne played musical beds with smoldering sex partners, smoked pot at every opportunity and tasted the pleasures of freak life styles, he fruitlessly chased down clues to the whereabouts of his quarries.

Perhaps the most rewarding portions of Payne's book are his accounts of undercover operations such as the "trash patrol" to collect garbage from selected targets for clues to subversion; the clumsiness of the security precautions designed to protect people like Payne but which jeopardized them instead; retention of counterproductive bureaucratic practices in processing even the supersecret deep-cover program; the efforts to bribe relatives, friends and classmates of the Weathermen fugitives with regular informer payments of as much as $1,000 a month, not for hard information but for "best efforts," an investment in the ultimate betrayal. Illegal entries (euphemistically called "surveys") survived both judicial prohibition on constitutional grounds and paper administrative bans. And when a denial of permission was anticipated, the agent would simply recruit trusted associates "to provide back-up assistance and handle the job themselves."

In the same way, illegal taps were installed in apartment houses by bribing superintendents to provide access to basement telephone junction boxes. When the activists used pay phones to protect against home phone tappers, miniature FM transmitters were installed in such booths, broadcasting the conversations to receivers parked in the agent's car several blocks away. After occupants of a subject's apartment were observed leaving and watched to make sure they would not be returning prematurely, the apartment was entered with a master key and searched. A related practice was the routine opening of mailboxes with duplicate keys supplied by building superintendents. The fugitive hunt abounded in such illegal practices because, as the author explains, the agents were confident that apprehension of the fugitives would foreclose inquiry into the manner in which they were located. (As it happens, this hunt was a dismal failure and was finally abandoned in October 1979.)

A blend of subjective and objective political causes led Payne to defect from the Bureau after eight years of service. I think that his ultimate turnabout was foreshadowed by a brutal beating at the hands of the Miami police in 1972 (which included the insertion of a night stick into his rectum, requiring two bouts of surgery). Like other informers and lawmen in his situation, Payne came to admire many of his targets personally, to share their political values and their views of the oppressiveness of police structures. On a more personal level, he was repelled by his own manipulation and betrayal of the sex partners with whom he became involved as an intelligence agent. Again, like a few of his counterparts, he was undone by post-coital shame. Watergate led to a questioning of integrity in high places. Within the Bureau, the attempt to scapegoat field agents for the illegal programs sanctioned by supervisory and executive echelons stirred him in a special way, confirming his own experience with a self-serving bureaucracy.

Like other informers, Payne felt used. (As one of them once bitterly put it to me: "Who gets the bird, the hunter or the dog?") While his political and insti-

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tutional discontent is fuzzily expressed, what comes through convincingly in his modest tale (by a blood-and-bones American raised and educated in Texas, with degrees in business administration and in law) is an outraged sense of civil decency. Nor is Payne's the only experience with agent infiltrators that verifies the feared consequences of using them: Two members of Payne's Los Angeles deep-cover contingent who tracked the Los Angeles Five, a Weather Underground faction now facing bombing conspiracy charges, infiltrated the group by posing as firearms experts and providing weapons training. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Flannery O'Connor was possessed of a secure belief in God and no illusions about man. I believe it was her faith that saved her from despairing entirely of her fellow beings, or at least those who dwelt in the byways of her native South. She said that *Wise Blood*, her first novel, was comic, and one needs a vision of life hereafter to see it as such. Though, to be sure, the book has moments of hilarity, and one is grateful for them.

Now, from O'Connor's story of the Georgia boy who comes home from war a rebel against heaven—who, intoxicated still by the evangelicalism of his forebears, founds The Church Without Christ and ends his days a penitent in the service of the Saviour he denies—Benedict Fitzgerald has written a screenplay and John Huston has directed it. The film, like the book, is wildly grotesque; it is a triumph of adaptation from print to screen.

Huston hired his bit players on the spot and the main cast looks as though it had tumbled out of the backwoods to run mad through the streets of Macon. Brad Dourif plays Hazel Motes, the proselytizer for blasphemy; Ned Beatty is his rival on the stump; Harry Dean Stanton is the blind Asa Hawks; Amy Wright is Sabbath Lily, Asa's precociously sinful daughter. It is perceptive casting in each case and someone, presumably Huston, has made these actors feel the hellfire of the Bible Belt.

The script, too, holds accurately to O'Conner's text; whole paragraphs of her antic dialogue pour from the mouths of these God-ridden sinners. There has been some cutting, but it bothered me only in the case of Enoch Emory (Daniel Shor), Hazel's single, and much unwanted, disciple. He seems peripheral to the film, as he is not to the book, where he personifies the loneliness of spirit that haunts all the characters. And in places the picture stops short of the novelist's implacability. In this it is perhaps wise. Nothing human was alien to Flannery O'Connor; she could look without blinking or drawing back. Not everyone is fortified by the belief that we are all made in God's image but whatever adjustments were made, out of concern for our less robust spirits, the essence of the book blazes from the film.

One might think that, after all the years of exploring and debating and trying to find the truth behind the complexities of the Alger Hiss case, little could be gained by walking that road again. Yet it will surprise me if the year produces a more illuminating or compelling film than John Lowenthal's *The Trials of Alger Hiss*. In it there is information (thanks to the Freedom of Information Act) that I believe will be new to most viewers, but beyond these revelations, one of which is crucial, this motion picture history gives the case an immediacy and a moral force that books and articles, however eloquent, do not achieve. There is great drama in it.

The visual record is much richer than I had expected. We all know, in a vague sort of way, that Richard Nixon got his start by pouncing on Hiss; here one sees the young, little-known Congressman—already self-righteous, already asking the public to admire the selflessness with which he carries out his patriotic duty—as he seizes that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. We have all read of how Hiss and Chambers were brought before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, how Hiss challenged his accuser to repeat, outside the protection of the committee room, the charges he was placing on the record. Here we can absorb the malign atmosphere of the place, and shudder for Hiss as he treats the inquisitors to flashes of his scornful wit. He might have been pilloried in any case, for he was patrician and very intelligent, attractive and brilliantly successful in a series of important jobs: in short, a storybook example of an admirable American and the perfect target for a witch hunt. But whatever his initial chances, once he had ridiculed those small, vindictive men, any hope he had to escape them was gone.

Lowenthal gives social context to such passages of live theater by interpolating touchstone scenes from our common history: the Hooverville shanties along the Hudson River; Roosevelt's first inaugural; the Spanish Civil War; Yalta and others. For someone who knows how to use them, the newsreel archives from the decades before television are a national treasure. Then, as the story moves forward through Hiss's indictment, his two trials for perjury, his conviction and eventual release from prison, Lowenthal introduces, in recent talks he has had with them, survivors from those days. The method recalls Marcel Ophuls's *The Sorrow and the Pity*, and the films are comparable in ways not restricted to method. Most importantly, they both employ dispassionate reporting to get at the basis of human conduct.

Not all the principals were available, of course; some are dead, others refused to contribute (predictably, Nixon is among the latter). But Robert Stripling, H.U.A.C.'s chief investigator, is on

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hand, giving a skilled technician's account of what occurred, but crying out at one point that he was working in a sewer. And former Representative F. Edward Hébert, a member of the committee, recalls that everyone concerned was a fool, save only himself. He also submits his opinion that it is better that any number of the innocent should suffer than that a single knave should go free.

Hiss himself is present throughout the film. He ages but loses none of his dignity or humor. He seems more relaxed than he did some years back, but no less determined to be vindicated before he dies. Asked if he hated Chambers, he replies that he did not, that the man was mentally unbalanced (Hiss says it seemed to him that Chambers was playing at being a secret agent) and that one cannot really hate a person so afflicted.

There are people enough in this chronicle for Hiss to hate, but he is probably right that his nemesis is not one of them. For years there has been speculation about the state of Chambers's mind. His miserable childhood is cited; his compulsive lying is recalled, along with his recitation of cloak-and-dagger exploits for which no confirmation can be found. Now, watching him in the many scenes where he appears, it is impossible, I think, to believe that he was in command of himself. He talks like a man hearing voices, he refers to himself with eerie objectivity, he engages in embarrassing flights of rhetoric in which he casts himself as an avenging angel (he and Nixon are alike in this last respect, but Chambers had only notoriety to gain). He looks dangerous, as such men do, but he also looks pathetic.

The roster of Chambers's victims is perhaps a clue to his psychology. All of them were attractive men, admired by their colleagues, surrounded by friends, good at what they did and happy doing it. Chambers had an eye for quality. Two such men—O. Edmund Clubb and David Zablodowsky—appear in the film to discuss the effect of Chambers on their lives. Clubb found himself compelled to resign from a distinguished career in the State Department; Zablodowsky was forced from a post at the United Nations that he treasured and at which he excelled. And in both cases Chambers's word, and it alone, did the trick.

Two of Lowenthal's most interesting interviews are with Vincent H. Shaw and Gussie Feinstein, he a member of the jury that could not reach a decision in the first trial, she a juror at the second trial. Each tells what went on in the jury room; both affirm their belief that Hiss was guilty of perjury. Then Lowenthal hands each of them a piece of information that has only recently come to light (a different document in each case) and each says, with mingled indignation and sorrow, that if the jury had had this information it would have voted to acquit. As Gussie Feinstein puts it, "The jurors were hoodwinked!" If so, it was Thomas Murphy, the prosecutor, who hoodwinked the second jury, and you can gaze on him as he congratulates its members on their astuteness and good citizenship. And, if so, it was H.U.A.C., goaded on by the ambitious Nixon, that hoodwinked a nation, with consequences that plague us to this very day.

I've known for some time that John Lowenthal is one of Alger Hiss's most effective champions; it had not occurred to me that he could produce and direct a spellbinding movie. □

THE OWL

It's his eyes
that you can't forget.
He is seeing through
darkness to the death
of a mouse.
He doesn't breathe, blink.

His claws have locked
him onto a branch.
He is wearing a coat
of feathers to hide
the turn of his thoughts.
All the trees
here become skeletons.
Only their shadows bow.

The gravity in his heart
is pulling the forest
closer so he can
focus on the smallness.
A toad inside
his stomach is, at last,
turning into an acid.

This is how the owl's
mind must turn.
This is how it is
to be so awake the mind
is too large for a skull,
eyes almost lidless.

The intensity of the will
burning down
to the hottest coal.
His eyes set the forest
on fire, the dark fire
that even the moonlight
cannot put out.

Sue Owen

THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

Seeing Eduardo De Filippo's *Filumena* (St. James Theatre) reminded me of a highborn Venetian who remarked, "The Neapolitans are great thieves, but they have good hearts." De Filippo is Italy's great actor and Naples' dramatic laureate. His numerous plays (written for his company, which includes himself and his sister) are tremendously popular on his native soil and two of them, *Saturday, Sunday, Monday* and *Filumena*, have had long runs in London. The first of these was a failure here and the second, with mixed notices, is going to have some difficulty in making it now.

Why the discrepancy? It is not true that a good play will be equally appreciated everywhere. O'Neill is not the honored dramatist in England that he is here; Tennessee Williams is not especially admired in France. In De Filippo's case, apart from the matter of performances by foreign casts (American or English), it may be that there is a special impediment for us in viewing his work with the same affection accorded him in London. We do not quite understand the nuances in the above Venetian saying.

The two central figures in *Filumena* are not good people; indeed none of the persons involved are. Domenico Soriano might be set down as a sexual rogue. After the death of his wife—they had an early marriage—he has picked up an illiterate woman, Filumena Marturano, from a brothel, and has lived in sin with her for twenty years. Now, he plans to replace her with a local hussy. But Filumena tricks Soriano into marriage when she pretends to be dying and is given the last rites. Her stratagem has been devised so that she may induce Soriano to make her three illegitimate sons—one of them she claims is his—legitimate by giving them his name. But she will not divulge which of the three he supposedly sired.

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Soriano is thus trapped into doing her bidding; he wants to know which is *his* child. When all three call him father, he is licked. The situation is immoral but the sentiment divine. The good heart succumbs to the chicanery. Family feeling is more important than law, whether of church or custom.

The plot alone does not convey the play's essential charm, its benevolence and warmth. These reside in every detail of the characterizations—in the minor as well as the major roles. The play is infused with Italian commitment to the most commonplace facets of personal relationships, the flesh and blood ties of intimacy. Promiscuity is not nice, sin is wrong, but the heat of togetherness in the mess of living creates the crucial value of existence, justifying it against all rectitude and reason. That is the Italian—especially the Neapolitan—code, and in it resides the wholesome meaning of the play.

The production, which was originally directed by Franco Zeffirelli, and in his absence has been taken over by Laurence Olivier, is not all of a piece. It is patchy, but many of the patches are good enough to make the evening enjoyable. (A few of the small parts are particularly well done: Ernest Sarracino, Miriam Phillips and Pierre Epstein.) And it is remarkable how almost perfectly Frank Finlay—a very British actor—accomplishes his "translation" into a middle-class Neapolitan citizen. Joan Plowright plays in a different vein—softer and not particularly lower-class—but she has a rich womanliness, a caressing voice and a dignity all her own. If we are receptive to the play's inner substance and savor, its blemishes should not spoil the dish.

At the Harold Clurman Theatre, there is a little comedy called *These Men* by Mayo Simon, a Los Angeles writer, which offers more than it appears to. For some it will seem hardly more than a raunchy play with a profusion of four-letter words. But it would be a mistake to leave the matter at that. In its descriptive aspects—the mode of living of the two young women who are the play's only characters—and in its reflections of the men with whom they go to bed, the play tells us much about its specific environment and by extension about certain phases of American mores.

These two are single girls who work at odd jobs—one is a dental hygienist, the other has managed a motel, groomed dogs, was a photographer's model and drove a taxi. They are addicted to a combination of vitamins and sedatives. They live in houses (actually shacks) in the hills around Hollywood, and their chief preoccupation is with men, whom they identify for the most part by the cars they drive. The men are slobs who make slobs of the women. But the women, knowing this, are still incapable of escaping the cycle of their meaningless fornications. None of this is uncommon or unnatural, for neither the men nor the women in these adventures are sustained by any valid supports of education, ideas or understanding within the surrounding community. They have no true civilization or culture, because there is very little of it in the area with which to supply them. These are the lower depths of our urban life as seen from the leafy and arid low-income ghettos of Hollywood. (To be sure, they have their counterparts in more prosperous sections of town.) In Nathanael West's *Day of the Locust* we get a picture of the corruption and sadism which L.A.'s void of values can lead to. In the narrower dimension of *These Men*, a certain tenderness, a wry pity, a humorous affection and even a bedraggled love between the two victims are obliquely suggested. They are, after all, dreamers and innocents.

The play would profit by more cutting and by further definition of its insights, but much aid is provided by the sensitive performances of Alix Elias and Jill Larson—both of them funny and touching. Then, too, Zoe Caldwell's direction adds much by way of meticulously chosen color, stage business, scenic movement and sympathy for the absurdly hapless creatures who suffer the burden of their uncared-for lives.

I have never been impressed by the social significance of *West Side Story*. Indeed, its Broadway catchall of sentimental melodrama, display radicalism, glamorization of racially inspired gang wars and comic routines has obscured the show's salient assets for me. But now, twenty-three years after its first production, I am no longer troubled by what had initially aroused my dislike of this jazzy adaptation of *Romeo and Juliet*.

Rather less sharp-edged and fiercely pulsating than formerly, *West Side Story* (Minskoff Theatre) still holds up very well. Outstanding as ever are Jerome Robbins's vibrantly energized choreography, the excellent corps of young dancers, Leonard Bernstein's melodies, Stephen Sondheim's clever lyrics. There is the appeal of purity in the new Maria (Jossie De Guzman), and even more striking is Debbie Allen's zest as dancer and actress in the part of Anita. Ken Marshall too is attractive in looks, voice and sincerity as Tony. It is evident that *West Side Story* is in almost every respect far above the level of most musical comedies which have reached Broadway since 1957.

At the Brooklyn Academy of Music an attempt is being made to establish "a resident classical repertory company as a lasting and vigorous institution." It is under the artistic direction of David Jones, recently of London's Royal Shakespeare Company. The first production of BAM's effort is the infrequently seen *The Winter's Tale*, a strange item in the Shakespeare canon. It will be followed by two old and unfamiliar American plays, and one by Maxim Gorky that has never before been seen in this country. I think BAM's enterprise is worth particular attention, and I hope to devote suitable space to it in future columns. □

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WRITERS' QUERIES

URGENTLY NEEDED (to borrow) by *The Nation* Staff: The Nation Associates 1948 report "Oil and the State Dept's Policy on Palestine." Reply, Nation Box 72.

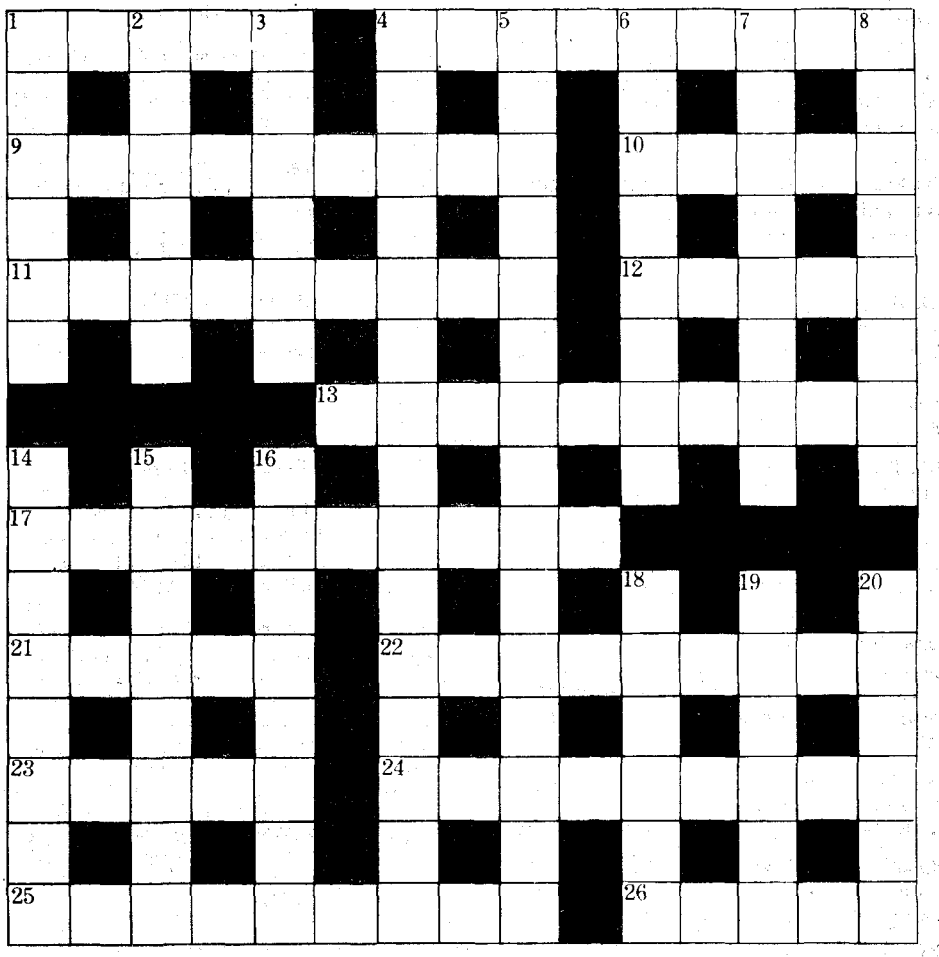
ASSOCIATIONS

The Society of Evangelical Agnostics
Logo and information: SEA, Box 612N, Fresno, CA 93709.

X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1811

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 4 It might be hard to set your wristwatch with a glove so, as an alternative. (2,3,5,4)
9 With the show rough, tuppence is needed to get you excited there. (7,2)
10 A copy of a magazine for children? (5)
11 To duplicate a fort would show evidence of something brewing for the pair. (3,3,3)
12 Any given man gets the point with North America supplying the dye. (5)
13 Went too far, and by chance rode badly. (10)
17 Attic lovers. (10)
21 Pronouncements of the dictator, if you leave out all that retrograde nonsense! (5)
22 Look for Chloe, perhaps, as they used to do more formally. (2,7)
23 One might call it in childish play, but it definitely isn't the old sex appeal! (3,2)
24 Two points to work at inside, being rather fancy. (9)
25 A routine fly, or a cinch for husband-hunters. (4,5)
26 Broken dates—in place of someone else. (5)

DOWN

1 and 14 Equivalent to "get the ball rolling"? (2,4,3,5)
2 Reputedly hard-working old person, possibly identified with a type of horse. (6)
3 In a way, gone (with two g's) for a drink. (6)
4 It doesn't mean what you owe is all that important—but you still owe it! (11,4)
5 Taken by the doctor rather than the patient. (11,4)
6 Not the boss of Amtrak—that's about as far as you can go with it. (8)
7 Sailors in the drink? (It might be dangerous.) (8)
8 Is her dad possibly typical of very conservative types? (3-5)
14 See 1 down
15 What an appeaser does at certain locations around it. (8)
16 With a show of learning, captained without a sort of it. (8)
18 Such as Joyce's Leopold look indistinct in some degree, with flourishes. (6)
19 The harsh speech of one in business. (6)
20 A sinful thing, it is granted. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1810

ACROSS: 1 and 20 Panic button; 4 Dayton; 11 Puritan; 12 Overtax; 13 Never mind; 14 Tenet; 15 Blue in the face; 17 Instructional; 22 Until; 24 Maintains; 25 Thinner; 26 Emanate; 27 Nugget; 28 Level. DOWN: 2 Arrival; 3 Interment; 5 Agent; 6 Titanic; 7 and 18 Next to nothing; 8 Spank; 9 Indian summers; 10 Hold That tiger; 16 Front Page; 19 Agitate; 21 Usher; 23 Lunge.

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—Sure. Don't call yourself *National Geographic*—that's taken.

—I meant that in a philosophical sense. What should a magazine stand for, for example?

—Nothing. It should stand for nothing.

—Nothing?

—Sure. The way the world is today, nobody should stand for it. Home heating oil up 100 percent in one year, stagflation, MX missiles on race tracks, 13 percent interest rates and 14 percent inflation, John Connally—who can stand it?

—What do you think of the Presidential race?

—I'd rather not. But since you ask, the answers are yes, no and only his hairdresser knows for sure.

—What were the questions?

—Will Ted Kennedy stay in, will Jerry Brown drop out and is Ronald Reagan older than I am?

—You certainly have all the answers.

—Nope. I have all the questions. You want the answers, go see the Rev. Sun Myung Moon. But if you think for yourself, fill out that handy coupon on this page and subscribe to *The Nation*.

The Nation

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